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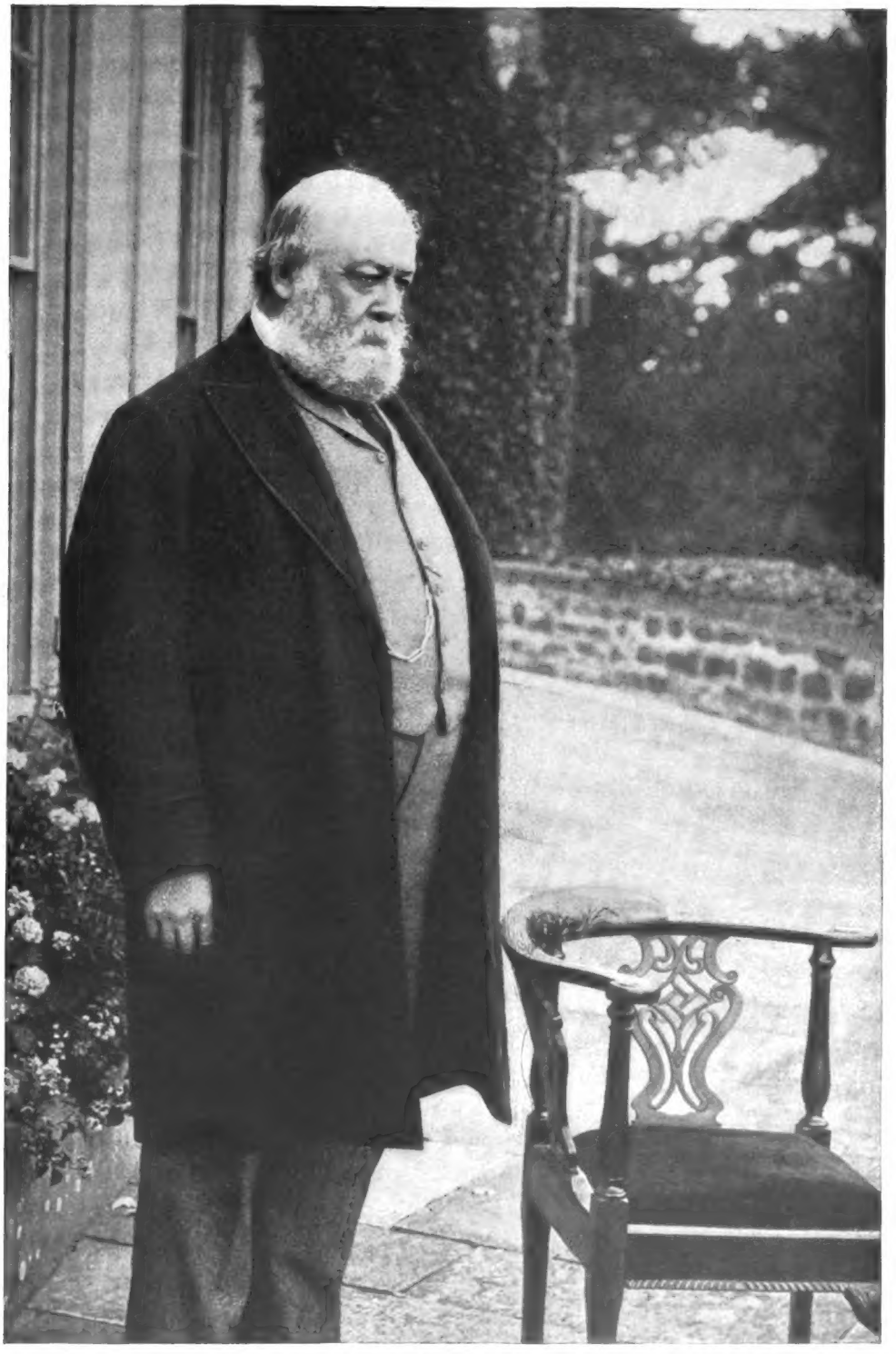

ROBERT ARTHUR TALBOT GASCOYNE CECIL, THIRD MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

"A Prime Minister whose ancestors were similarly employed, to the great benefit of England ten generations ago."
—*Gladstone.*

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VI. JANUARY, 1902. No. 1.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OAK, HATFIELD.

LORD SALISBURY.

The Representative Englishman of a Representative House.—The Victorian Burleigh.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY T. P. O'CONNOR.

IF you want to understand Lord Salisbury as he once was and as, in many essentials, he still is, you had better study the most remarkable of his sons. One of Lord Salisbury's sons holds the high position of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and is, indeed, the representative and spokesman of that great department in the House of Commons, but he reveals few of the qualities and gifts which have distinguished his father. Another son is a clergyman, and is lost to general view; another son is a barrister in good practice, but he is only known to professional circles. The one son who does really attract attention, and in the same sphere as the father, is Lord Hugh Cecil, the member for Greenwich.

Lord Salisbury is upwards of twenty stone weight; Lord Hugh Cecil is so thin that it seems scarcely possible sometimes that so frail a body should contain so

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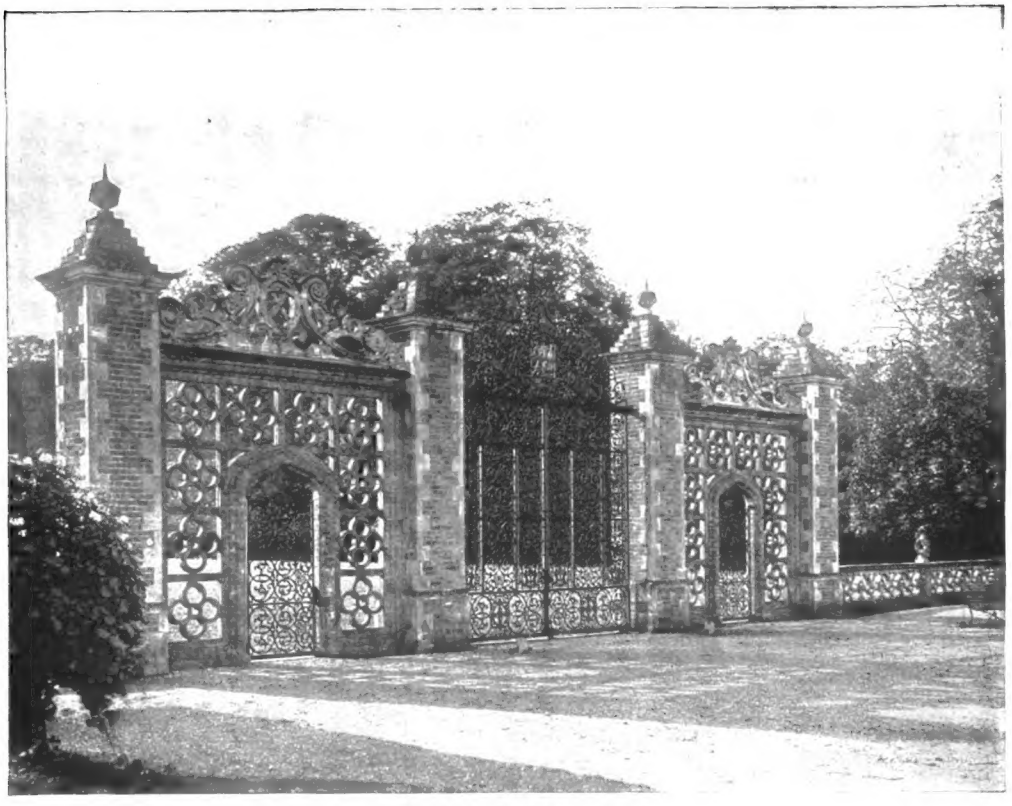

SOUTH GATES, HATFIELD.

fiery a soul. But the Lord Salisbury of yesterday was like the Lord Hugh Cecil of to-day. Old members of the House of Commons who were his colleagues in the days before he succeeded to the marquisate, still recall him as a very tall, very slight, very frail young man; and Lord Rosebery once said that the first glimpse he caught of Lord Salisbury was when a housekeeper in Hatfield pointed out—with a certain awe-struck whisper—a tall, thin young man, with a stoop in the shoulders, who was engaged in reading in the great library of the ancestral home of the Cecils. And similarly one who did not know well the youth of Lord Salisbury might be disposed to doubt whether there was any real resemblance between the somewhat sardonic and disillusioned father and the still enthusiastic young son. For Lord Hugh Cecil is one of the few enthusiasts left in an age where enthusiasm is not the distinguishing feature of the old and still less of the young. Pallid, ascetic-looking, with a rapt look and a tremble in the voice, the Apostle of Sacerdotalism within the Church of England, and an enemy of every form of Liberalism in religious thought, Lord Hugh Cecil seems like some anachronism that has travelled into the secular life of the nineteenth century from a cloister of the fourteenth. He is able to work himself into the conviction that if a man were allowed to marry the sister of his deceased wife, marriage would be reduced to the "principles of the stud farm"—this was his own phrase, and it is a curious proof of the audacity of his young imagination that in a secular and cynical assembly like the House of Commons, Lord Hugh was able to describe the marriage practices of the Church of England as "constructed by angels"; and it should be added that it is a proof of the hold he has over that assembly that such language was listened to in hushed and admiring silence, and not with bursts of irreverent laughter.

Such also was Lord Salisbury when he was a young man. He came of an ancient and historic stock, as everybody knows. "We have," wrote Mr. Gladstone some

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HATFIELD HOUSE, SOUTH FRONT.

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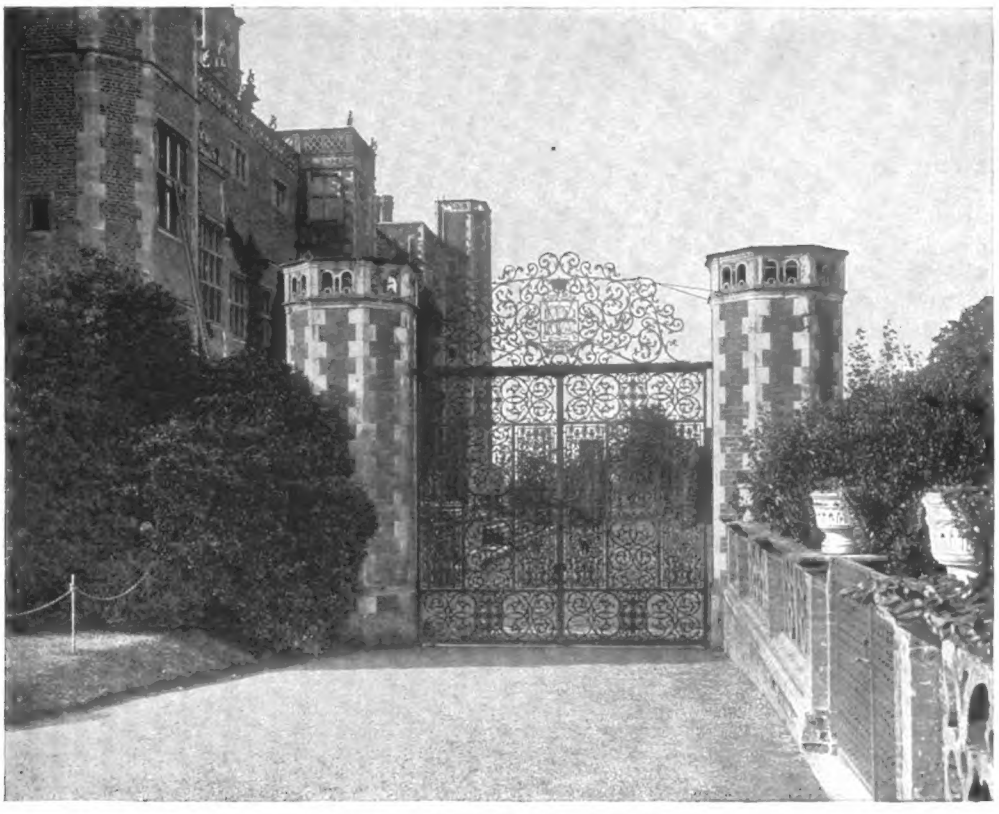
years ago, "a Prime Minister whose ancestors were similarly employed, to the great benefit of England ten generations ago." Perhaps this long descent has not been an entire advantage to Lord Salisbury. The Cecils who founded the family were the Ministers of despotic monarchs like Elizabeth and James I.; and Lord Salisbury has never quite got over the opinion that the ideal condition for a Minister—especially a Foreign Minister—is that he should be allowed to work in secret council with a sovereign; and without the distracting and ignorant intervention of representative assemblies and plebeian opinion. There could not be two men more dissimilar in many respects than Lord Salisbury and Prince Bismarck; indeed, one of the sayings quoted against Lord Salisbury constantly is the scornful summing up of his character by the grim Chancellor as "a lath painted like iron." And yet the two men were very much alike in their inner selves. Bismarck never got over the idea that the government of nations should be in the hands of an aristocrat closeted with a sovereign, and scornful of all modern democratic developments; and that is the secret gospel of Lord Salisbury even to-day, though the progress of democracy has compelled him to hold it in the recesses of his heart.

This inner conviction of Lord Salisbury accounts for much in his character, career, and disposition. The head for many years of an overwhelming majority in the British constituencies, undisputed master of a great party, the chief figure in a somewhat noisy, turbulent, and garrulous democracy, Lord Salisbury still remains largely a Mokanna—a prophet behind a veil. His habits continue amidst all the turmoil to be those of the student and the recluse. This is partly, doubtless, because, like most Englishmen, he is intensely shy; and hates converse with the ordinary man. And all this attitude is brought out to the average man by his



THE EAST GARDEN GATE, HATFIELD.

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THE WESTERN GARDEN, HATFIELD.

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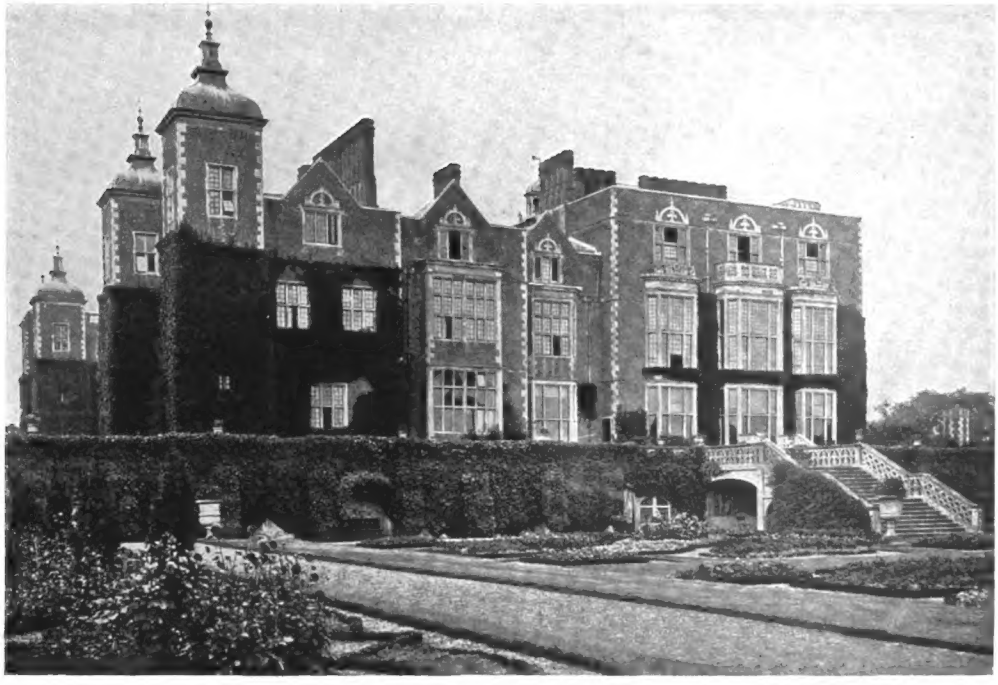

HATFIELD HOUSE, WEST FRONT.

habits. Hatfield is just thirty-six miles from London. Whatever the political crisis, you read two or three times a week—sometimes every day—that Lord Salisbury has gone down to Hatfield. During the full season he used to give occasionally huge receptions; there are often housefuls of people at Hatfield, and there are great garden parties in the months of July and August: but these are more or less formal and official entertainments, and Lord Salisbury probably hates them. It is significant, too, of his shyness and seclusion that when he is travelling down to Hatfield he gets into a carriage by himself if he can, and if he happens to be unfortunate enough to have some fellow-travellers, he buries his nose in a book and never exchanges a syllable with anybody. Thus it comes to pass that while he has been the foremost figure in England for many years, he is scarcely known to the man in the street. Indeed, he is so little known in general society that a man so prominent as Mr. John Morley has never exchanged a word with him. Probably there are not half a dozen men, outside the members of his Cabinet, who have ever had a conversation of any length with him.

This hatred and dread of the masses of the people were less concealed in Lord Salisbury's early days than they are now. There have been many rasping tongues in the British Parliament, but there have been few—at least among educated men of high birth—whose tongue has left so many stings as that of Lord Salisbury. On more than one occasion he has been brought into collision by it not only with political foes, but also with political friends; and, indeed, there was a period in his life when his tongue and haughty temper seemed likely to entirely wreck his career. Some of the instances of his rashness and harshness of speech may be repeated as indicating the inner character of the man. One of the absurdities of the old law with regard to newspapers in England was that a heavy stamp tax was imposed on every advertisement in a newspaper and a high duty was levied on paper. The result of this was that up to some forty years ago there were very few papers in the country; that they were all high-priced, and that the vast majority of the people of the country never saw a newspaper at all, or only caught such a passing glimpse of it as might be got from the loan of a copy from a richer neighbor. Gladstone was steadily opposed by

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Lord Salisbury when he tried to remove this anomaly. Even now it is somewhat amusing to read some of the sallies by which Lord Salisbury—or, as he then was, Lord Robert Cecil—defended the principles of obscurantism. "Could it be maintained," asked Lord Robert Cecil, "that a person of any education could learn anything worth knowing from a penny paper? It might be said that people might learn what had been said in Parliament. Well, would that contribute to their education?"

But the encounter which is best remembered in those early and fiery days of Lord Salisbury was that in which he personally and violently attacked Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone, in order to carry his remission of the Paper Tax, had insisted that the whole of the proposals of the Budget should be sent to the House of Lords as one measure, with the repeal of the Paper Duty tacked on: the result of which would be that the House of Lords would have to reject the Budget as a whole, which was practically impossible, or accept the Budget as a whole including the remission of the Paper Tax. This rough-and-ready method of overriding the prejudices of the House of Lords stirred the wrath of Lord Robert Cecil; and he pitched out the taunt that the action of Mr. Gladstone was "more worthy of an attorney than of a statesman." There was a storm of protest—so much so that when Lord Robert Cecil spoke again he had to refer to his phrase. His conduct then was very significant of his temper and character at this epoch in his career; perhaps also it is some guide to his spirit at the present moment. There is nothing which an audience of Englishmen relishes so much as a frank and hearty withdrawal of a heated phrase, and Lord Robert Cecil, fully aware of this peculiarity, played with it in a fashion that had in it something both comical and provoking. He admitted that the expression he had used in a previous debate had been regarded in some quarters as too violent. Here the House pricked up its

HATFIELD HOUSE, SOUTHEAST CORNER.

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ears. And then he went on to say that when a speaker had used in the heat of a debate a phrase which on reflection he felt to be stronger than was necessary, he ought to take the first opportunity to either apologize or retract. And now the House was in quite a sunny mood, for that apology which everybody—at least on the Liberal side—wanted and would have welcomed, was evidently coming. Hopes rose even higher when Lord Robert Cecil went on: "Therefore, he felt he was only doing justice to his own feelings when he owned that on the ocasion he did a great injustice"—here the impatience and delight of the House could hold themselves no longer, and there was a shout of applause. Lord Robert Cecil waited calmly till the applause was over, and then went on: "To the attorneys." There was a heavy sigh of disappointment, and then a cry of rage. And when Lord Robert Cecil was proceeding to say: "They were a very honorable body of men, and he was assured—" the patience of the House was at an end, and the sentence has never been finished.

Again I go to Lord Hugh Cecil for the key and explanation of the character of his father. This sally is exactly the same in spirit as the proposal of Lord Hugh Cecil in a recent session of Parliament, that if an Irish member were found guilty of obstruction, he should be sentenced to a term of imprisonment. An ardent and narrow conviction, impetuosity in expressing it, a certain desire to strike and wound in pressing it home—in short, a somewhat hysteric love of extreme language and of merciless action—which is feminine rather than masculine—is one of the notes in the character of Lord Salisbury and of the Salisbury family.

Men of such temperaments, both by their good and their bad side, are the despair of party managers, and of the well-regulated party mind. At the present day Lord Hugh Cecil is much more the terror of the Tory whips than he is of the Liberal or Irish enemy. He is constantly getting himself and his party into hot water by the vehemence and rashness of his convictions, by his want of the sense of proportion, of the spirit of compromise, and of the power to understand and bend before the spirit of his times. But his escapades are not in the least worse than those of Lord Salisbury when Lord Salisbury was of the same age, or even older. And this is one of the explanations of the long and fierce quarrel which separated Lord Salisbury from Disraeli. There could not, indeed, have been two men more fatally destined to dislike and antagonize each other. Disraeli had his underlying principles; the Jewish love of the grandiose naturally gave him a certain affection for the gaud of imperialism and the glitter of wealth, titles, and all the other things that make the pageant of life. But—outside this domain of thought—he was essentially an Opportunist; as they would say in America, he kept his ear always close to the ground. And, therefore, when the time came to make concessions to Democracy he did it with a very light heart, with no sense of self-abasement, and also, it must be added, with a truer knowledge of the essentially Conservative instincts of even the poorest of the English working-classes than his young opponent. But Lord Robert Cecil, with his impetuosity, his narrowness, his somewhat acrid temper, his pride in the traditions of the Cecils, his inner leaning to mysticism and sacerdotalism in religion, and the haughty contempt of the scholar for the multitude—Lord Robert Cecil regarded all such concessions as nothing less than treachery and betrayal. And hence when Disraeli reduced the Franchise, he left the Ministry of which Disraeli was the leading member, and assailed the powerful chief of the Conservative party in words of great violence in speech, and probably of even greater violence by his pen. The Conservative party could not displace Disraeli—that great Hebrew, patient, self-controlled, tenacious, was not to be moved to any outburst of temper or impatience or self-immolation. He was at the head of the party, and there he meant to stick; and there was nothing for Lord Salisbury but to submit or remain forever outside the charmed circle of the rulers of the Empire. He did submit in the end, but there were many outbreaks of the old feeling before the final passing away of Disraeli settled the struggle between the two men for ever. Curiously enough, the quarrel never was more bitter than immediately before it was going to be finally composed. The struggles in the Cabinet of Lord Beaconsfield—as Disraeli had become—were very fierce during all the Russo-Turkish War; and for a long time Lord Salisbury was credited with belonging to the party which opposed the provocative and Turcophile policy of the head of the

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MARBLE DINING-HALL, HATFIELD HOUSE.

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GRAND STAIRCASE, HATFIELD HOUSE.

Government. London society at that moment was repeating the phrase attributed to Lord Salisbury: "I no longer hate this man, I loathe him." A few months afterwards and Lord Salisbury was Foreign Secretary under Disraeli. There is a secret history to the transaction, doubtless, but it has not yet been told. Suffice it to say that when the reconciliation came Lord Salisbury had one of those outbursts which recall the palmiest days of his youth. He compared Lord Derby, who had left the Cabinet, to Titus Oates, and Lord Derby was a relative by marriage, as well as a former political ally.

But intensity of conviction and impetuosity of character have always a good as well as a perilous side. In the case of Lord Salisbury this side is shown clearly in the story of his marriage. When he was about twenty-six years of age he fell in love with Georgina Caroline Alderson, daughter of Judge Alderson. Times and ideas have changed so rapidly in England during the last twenty-five years, that it is somewhat difficult to realize now that the marriage of the daughter of a brilliant and distinguished judge by anybody should have been regarded as a *mésalliance;* but so it was in the fifties. Though Lord Robert Cecil was still the younger son, and seemed in no way likely to be the head of the family and the heir to the title, his father was much incensed at the choice, and it is said that the small allowance of the younger son became smaller still. This was the best moment of Lord Salisbury's life. It was the one in which his character and even his career were made. For, instead of being a mere idle *dilettante*, he had to become a hard-working journalist; he joined the great host of young husbands and fathers who have to look to their own exertions, and not to those of remote ancestors, for the support of those dependent upon them. In other respects, too, this epoch in Lord Salisbury's life has left its mark on him, and, what is more important, has left its mark upon the history of his country. The sister of Lord Salisbury was the wife of Beresford Hope. At this period Beresford Hope, now a quite forgotten figure, was a very important man for many young people. He had immense wealth and a love for dabbling in many things. He was important for many young people, I have said; and by that I mean for John Morley, who had just left Oxford and was wondering where bread was to come from; for Sir William Har-

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KING JAMES'S BEDROOM, HATFIELD HOUSE.

KING JAMES'S DRAWING-ROOM, HATFIELD HOUSE.

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court, who had not yet attained to the gigantic legal practice he afterwards attained; for Bowen, who was destined to become one of England's greatest judges, but was then a briefless barrister; for Fitzjames Stephen, the author of some of the greatest legal text-books, and afterwards the judge who condemned Mrs. Maybrick to death, and had to leave the Bench because of insanity—a great, rugged, tragic figure in modern English history. We all know that type of young Englishman whom Beresford Hope befriended; we have met him in every novel and in almost every play; the young man engaged to the fair-haired daughter of a poor parson or a hard-working doctor or a barrister with a big family, or of an even poorer soldier. To the great band of writers, thinkers, jurists, politicians who were at that stage in London at the moment of which I am writing, the auspicious star rose—permitting wedlock and love and life—when Beresford Hope founded the *Saturday Review*. I remember once as I sat by the side of Mr. John Morley in the House of Commons—he had come over to the Irish benches from his seat as a private Radical member below the gangway—that we both looked down to Beresford Hope, who was making one of the incongruous speeches, for which he was remarkable, to the House of Commons; and Mr. Morley spoke of "the bag of gold" which he had in his time received from the hands of this somewhat grotesque and belated figure.

To one young couple in particular did the founding of the *Saturday Review* bring brighter hours; and that was to Lord and Lady Robert Cecil and the young family that was already beginning to gather around them. The *Saturday Review* contained the most brilliant and incisive articles of the time on all subjects—but especially on politics. It was a new, a daring innovation in British journalism; with its independence, its young insolence, above all with its cynicism; and it was new also in the high price it gave its contributors. Here it was that Lord Salisbury learned that art of sardonic phrase-making, which has been at once his bane and his glory in political life. Here it was that he nourished that hatred and contempt for Disraeli, which was the badge of his young school of ecclesiastical Tories; and here it was, above all things, that he learned the art of rapid work and especially

HATFIELD HOUSE, FROM THE AVENUE

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HATFIELD, THE OLD PALACE.

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of rapid writing, which also has been a two-edged sword to him in his official career. One of the things which strike the visitor to Hatfield most, is that the illustrious host seems one of the least occupied men in the great company there; he is always about—as the saying goes—ready to enter into any discussion or talk; to discuss any book; to meet all comers, in short. And the chief reason is that he brings to the writing of his official dispatches the facility of the practised journalist who has written with the printer's devil at his elbow.

But this facility in writing has sometimes been a fatal gift. There was a time when Lord Salisbury's dispatches were little short of a great European peril. Accustomed to put things with the vigor and the irresponsibility of the journalist, with a naturally cynic temper and a love for a sardonic joke, Lord Salisbury in his dispatches walked carelessly among the powder magazines of national passions and susceptibilities. One of the finest passages in one of the speeches of Mr. John Morley compared Lord Salisbury as Foreign Secretary to one of those moments in the high Alps, when even a breath or a whisper brought down the destructive avalanche; and asked whether it was safe at such a moment to have the peace of Europe at the mercy of the raucous tongue of such a Foreign Secretary.

Time, in this, as in other things, has much modified the character of Lord Salisbury. Acquainted now with all the details of the Foreign Office; aware of the currents and cross-currents, the ebbs and flows of the life of Continental Europe, his dispatches are no longer full of that perilous vigor which once characterized them. Indeed, for many years Lord Salisbury has been regarded as eminently a peace Minister. That reputation has lost him the support of many of the hot-heads in his own party; but it has gained him the confidence of many of his political opponents. Indeed, he is constantly pitted against Mr. Chamberlain as an agency for peace. And among the many things which have led up to the disastrous war with South Africa, perhaps one of the most important was that at the most critical moment in the negotiations Lord Salisbury was paralyzed by anxiety and grief at the death-bed of the wife he had so dearly loved.

THE CLOISTERS, HATFIELD HOUSE.

The oratory of Lord Salisbury is peculiar. He is one of the few men in English public life who apparently makes no preparation

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and certainly uses no notes. He stands almost straight upright—straight except for the somewhat heavy stoop in the shoulders; he never looks at his audience; he never raises his voice; but in an even, monotonous, unbroken low tone—with something of the detachment of a somnambulist or of a dreamer—he pours forth his views of the subject at issue. The language is always choice, lofty, original; and here and there you catch a phrase which has that sardonic humor which is never absent from any prolonged effort on the part of Lord Salisbury.

THE LONG GALLERY, HATFIELD HOUSE.

It is curious that Lord Salisbury rarely makes a speech without committing some glaring indiscretion. More than once he has got his party into tremendous difficulties by some such indiscretion; and they have had to spend weeks in explaining away—because party discipline would not permit them to disavow—the language of their chief. Perhaps this habit of detachment—this deliberate turning away of his eyes and his attention from those he addresses, will partly account for Lord Salisbury's ineptitudes of speech. They are the outcome of the want of that communion with his fellowmen which is necessary to every politician who does not wish to come into conflict with popular sentiment.

The home life of Lord Salisbury has been kept pretty carefully from the public. The shyness and reserve which are part of the character of most Englishmen, have never been dropped by any of the family. But it is known as a household with all the domestic virtues. This was largely due, of course, to the influence of the late Lady Salisbury. She was a very remarkable woman, quite as brilliant in her own fashion as her illustrious husband. The interestingness of her character was not diminished by some very prominent and quaint peculiarities. She had the reputation of having the worst manners of any woman in London. When her guests came to her receptions, she usually was earnestly engaged in talking to a person at her side, and the unfortunate newcomer was left to shake the hands of a hostess whose eyes were turned away. And in this way, poor Lady Salisbury made many enemies. But she really was the best of women; and specially was she good in her relations to other women. She had organized a regular intelligence department for the discovery of the poor weak creatures

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who had been left to hunger and disgrace by some cowardly wretch of a man; and these women she sent to every part of the world so as to have new chances in life. With most of them she carried on an active and regular correspondence; and most of them remained her warm and grateful friends.

It was this inner sweetness of character, as well as the piety which is at the basis of Lord Salisbury's character, which has shaped the home and made it one of the best and most typical in England. Another of its peculiarities is the perfect freedom of opinion in which the children have been brought up. Visitors have been startled when they heard the powerful Prime Minister of a great empire flatly contradicted in some of his opinions by Lord Hugh Cecil at a time when the daring youngster had only just left college. And that same independence is carried into the political relations of the son with the Government. More than once an unsparing criticism of the administration of Lord Salisbury has proceeded from the eloquent lips of Lord Salisbury's youngest son.

THE CHAPEL, HATFIELD.

Lord Salisbury, when he does entertain, does so with the lavish and dignified hospitality of a grand seigneur. There is only one thing wanting to the perfect comfort of his guests, and that is the difficulty of a comfortable smoke in the house of a man whose hatred of smoking amounts almost to a physical malady. On the other hand, in Hatfield, the visitor finds a curious combination of all that is ancient and all that is modern. Relics of the old England everywhere abound; but, on the other hand, the Marquis of Salisbury takes a keen interest in science; and is an electrician of no mean dexterity. Some of the ingenious contrivances for the electric lighting of the ancient house are due to his own invention.

The last few years of Lord Salisbury's life have not been as prosperous as those which preceded them. He has lost his wife; and to a large extent he has lost his grip both of his party and of his country. He has tried by the use of a tricycle to get rid of the ill-health that comes to a man of sedentary habits and of large bulk, but with apparently little success. It would be impossible to expect from a man who has passed the threescore, and who is more than twenty stone weight, the activity, either of mind or body, or resolution which are required at a moment when a nation is passing through a crisis of such magnitude as the South African War. Lord Salisbury, with that shy dislike of new faces which is natural to a man of his character and of his years, declined, when he had the chance, to admit new men into his Cabinet, and stuffed it with his relations; and this has disappointed and soured a good many of his old supporters. The position of Lord Salisbury in the public life of his country is a little like the physical position he occupies in the House of Lords. The moment you enter that assembly, your eye is attracted by the huge figure—the large body, the massive brow, the great head. Lord Salisbury is unto the other Ministers as the Matterhorn to the smaller mountains that rise around it—he is in the House of Lords and among these colleagues, but not of them. And so, with all his wonderful position, his tremendous prominence, his towering personality, he seems in the life of England and among his countrymen, detached, lonely, sombre.

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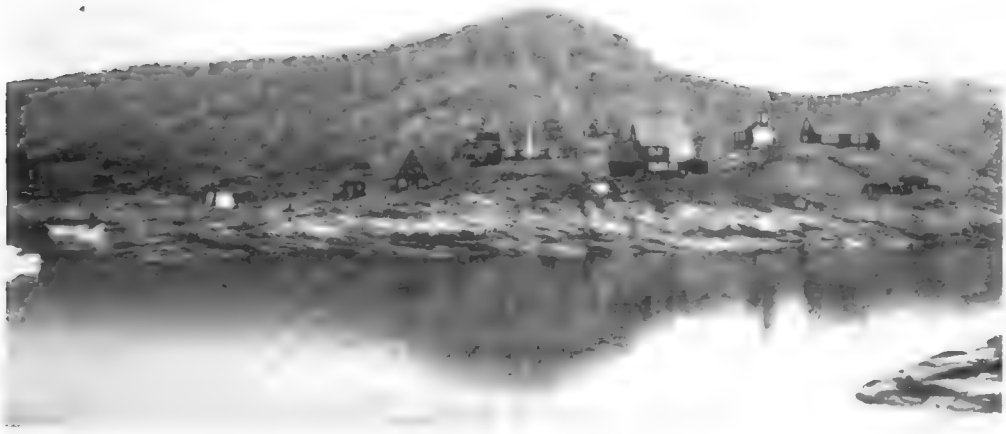
UPERNAVIK, GREENLAND, THE NORTHERNMOST CIVILIZED TOWN, IS ABSOLUTELY ISOLATED FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD.



THE PEOPLE OF THE FARTHEST NORTH.

By Frederick A. Cook, M.D.,
Author of "Through the First Antarctic Night."

A BOY OF FOUR.

HUMAN life differs somewhat, but not fundamentally, with the parallels of latitude. The man who lives near the Equator appears at first sight a very different creature from the one who exists near the North Pole, but upon closer acquaintance one finds the difference mostly superficial. The deeper human sentiments and physical characteristics are very much the same among all kinds and conditions of men, from pole to pole. The differences so readily detected by the eye—such as color, size, and temperament—are due mostly to the race tendencies, and are only slightly changed by climate or environment. The negro in the Arctic retains all of his native peculiarities, and I believe the Eskimo, if compelled to live at the Equator, would remain essentially an Eskimo in all of his important race qualities.

Lieutenant Peary, in his present effort to reach the North Pole, has pitched his most southern camp among the people farthest north. In the work of the gallant Peary and his assistants, the finer qualities of these northernmost people have been brought out in a remarkable manner. So superior have been their habits of life to those of the white

GIVE ME SOME CANDY?

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OOTONIAH, A GREAT HUNTER, AND FAITHFUL FRIEND OF LIEUTENANT PEARY.

AN ESKIMO MAIDEN AT THE AGE OF TWELVE, WHEN SHE BEGINS TO RECEIVE MALE ATTENTION.

men in the Arctic, that Peary, his men, and even his colored helper have gradually adopted the Eskimo mode of life. They wear Eskimo clothing, use Eskimo tactics in hunting, travel with Eskimo sledges and outfits, and even eat Eskimo food. These same people, the Eskimos, have been regarded as dwarfs, mentally, physically, and morally. Their manner of life has always been viewed with an air of disgust, but one finds gems, even in the muddiest places.

The northern Eskimos number two hundred and fifty souls. They are isolated from all the rest of the world by stormy, ice-encumbered waters, and an over-land sea of ice, and though immensely inquisitive about other people and other countries, their superstitions and limited means of transportation are such that they are held within narrow confines. They roam about from rock to rock, and from ice to ice, along the shoreline of Greenland, from the seventy-sixth to the seventy-ninth parallel. The land is to them only a resting-place; their real habitat is upon the frozen sea. In the few months of summer, when the heat of the sun sends glacial streams in falls and torrents from the icy heights, they live in skin tents. In winter, through the long dayless nights, they live under banks of snow, in an underground hut made of stone, bone, and turf. In the spring and fall, when in the chase of seal and walrus, they construct a hut with blocks of snow; thus they overcome the tendency to a monotonous life by constant changes in their camps.

Their Eskimo home, viewed from the standpoint of local needs, is a well-organized institution. Indeed, it is about the only part of their life which can be said to be organized and systematized, since disorder, freedom from conventionalities, and independence are characteristic traits of every Eskimo. As we first saw this wilderness of domestic life, we were heartily disgusted with our neighbors. We could not understand how human beings could subsist and extricate anything worth living for, in an irregular dungeon, less than ten feet in its longest diameter, hardly affording standing room, and with bits of stone and ice for furniture. The luxurious Caucasian loses all sense of proportion as he first views this home, but after he is compelled to undergo the life of hardship and suffering which is the lot of his Eskimo friends, he learns to regard this dark chamber as a kind of paradise. He forgets his own palatial home, and feels real comfort and spiritual elation, snugly tucked under furs, as the freezing wind and snow rush over his head. After all, everything in life is good or bad by comparison. In the tropics, the main am-

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bition is to find a cool place, but in the polar regions a heaven would be a sheltered place with a fiery breeze, instead.

We can best understand the function of this home life by following a family in one of its periodic migrations. A man by the name of Ingapodoo, regarded as a great hunter by his comrades, decided to pitch his winter home far away to the northward. He had always been fairly successful in the chase, and his neighbors shared with him the benefits of his spoils (for such is the custom of the people), but during the previous season ill-luck had followed him. His fellow-friends had secured seals, reindeers, bears, and foxes, but Ingapodoo had bagged next to nothing. He ascribed his failure to the influence of certain spirits, supposed to be directed by a neighbor who was not very friendly with him.

SOUTH GREENLANDERS—MAN AND WIFE.
The first touch of civilization affects the dress.

SOUTH GREENLAND WOMAN AND CHILDREN.
New styles in decoration.

Late in September the last birds went southward, and early in October the ice was sufficiently thick to carry a train of sledges. Ingapodoo was a man with a large family, and he had always been a liberal provider, proud of the fat, well-fed appearance of his wife and children in their warm fur garments. The family had a new suit every year, but now the awful winter, with its cold and darkness, was upon them. They shivered in their old skin-bare furs, while their more fortunate neighbors were displaying their new suits of blue fox and white bear. Such poverty was new to him, and his wild pride was such that he would not ask or accept help from his friends. Fired by a wounded vanity, he packed all of his belongings upon two sledges, and without even hinting to his friends, without a parting good-by or a hand-shake, he harnessed his five dogs one moonlight night, slipped down over the ice-pack, and started on a march of three hundred miles to the more desolate, but more promising North Land.

As the shadows of the huge cliff faded, under which he had so long camped, the

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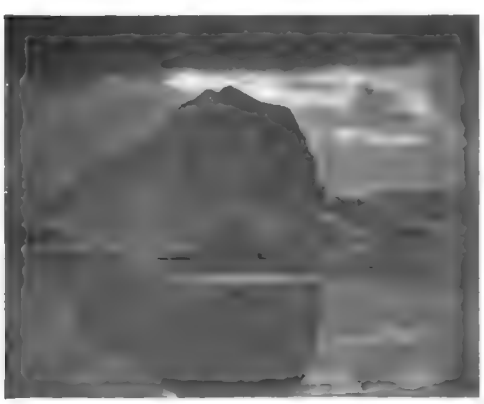
POO-AD-LUNA, A BOY OF EIGHTEEN, ONE OF THE LIONS OF THE FAR NORTH.



A STRANDED ICEBERG, PHOTOGRAPHED AT MIDNIGHT.

village dogs sent up a blood-chilling howl, which woke up the town people. Soon there appeared before each little white mound, which marked the site of an igloo, a series of black dots. These were inquisitive Eskimos, half-dressed, who came out to see the cause of the canine commotion. Quickly it was understood that Ingapodoo had left; that the happy family, so long a part of their limited circle, had gone elsewhere to seek their fortunes, but not one knew of their prospective destination, not even Koo-loo-ting-wah, a rising youth, whose heart was set on Tung-wing-wah, a coy maiden of fifteen who vanished with the parting family.

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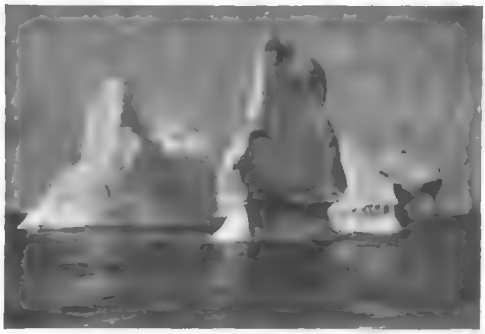
INGAPODOO, FATHER OF POO-AD-LUNA.

Im-nong-a-nome, the old home with its cherished delights, faded away as the sledges slipped over the new ice beyond the first headland. Now the great white surface of the frozen sea rose from point to point, the moon gradually sank northward, and a cheerful pink glow streamed over the icebergs southward. The father with the oldest daughter walked behind the first sledge. To this sledge were attached three dogs. The second sledge was drawn by two dogs and driven by Poo-ad-luna, a boy of eighteen. By his side walked the mother, Ey-too-sach-soe, carrying upon her back a girl of two years, while two little boys, lashed to the



ONE OF MILLIONS OF ICEBERGS WHICH DRIFT OVER THE ARCTIC SEA.

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A GLACIAL STREAM, THROUGH ROCKS AND FLOWER-BEDS, NEAR PEARY'S NORTHERNMOST BASE ON THE GREENLAND SIDE.

THE KAYAK, OR SKIN CANOE.

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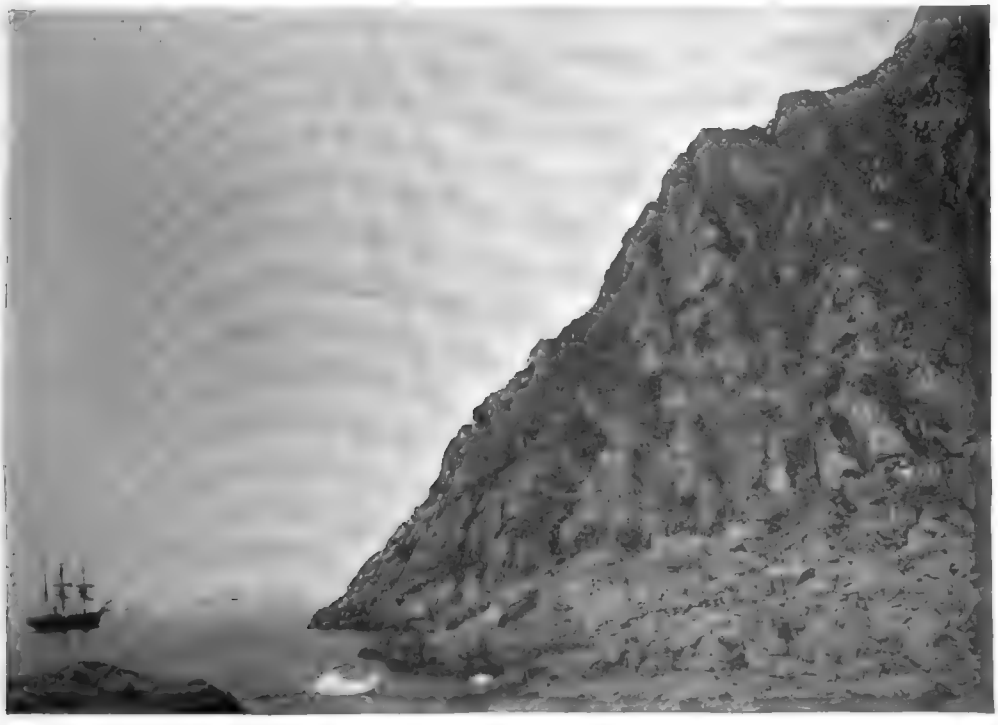
sledges, completed the family group. Thus the father, mother, five hungry children, and five famished dogs snaked around the hummocks with eager eyes in every direction for game.

They urged the dogs on, and pushed at the sledges and walked over the endless expanse of ice without food or drink for forty-eight hours. At noon the train halted; the dogs sank restfully upon the ice. The mother got out a stone dish, upon which blubber was burned, and over this a stone bowl was suspended full of snow. It took about two hours to melt enough snow for a tiny sip of water for each. During this time the family bunched themselves closely together, and in the feeble, slanting rays of the parting sun, they dozed with an air of peaceful contentment. Drink and sleep are indispensable in the Arctic. One can do without food for a time, but water must always be at hand, and an occasional sleep must ease the overworked body; otherwise, life would become quite hopeless.

Soon after two o'clock the sun groped under the ice-sheeted land southward; then followed the long purple twilight, which is the warning of the coming winter night. The air, which had been fairly warm during the noon sunbursts, now became icy, and in order to keep from freezing they must now stir along at a lively pace. In the silvery moonlight, which crept softly on them after the long twilight, the dogs suddenly scented a fox track, and quickly followed it seaward over the dangerous new ice. But when the dogs found a bear track, their excitement was beyond control. The women and children were left behind a hummock. With tails and ears up and noses down the dogs followed the track to the edge of the pack-ice, where a sight of the roaring sea ended the chase. With ears now drooping, tails down, and heads up, the hungry creatures turned landward. Soon, however, they stopped short and sniffled the air, turned their heads toward the east, and listened. Only Ingapodoo and Poo-ad-luna were on the sledges, and they, too, were anxiously watching. A little later they heard the breathing of a seal, puffing like a steam jet through a small opening in the new ice. The dogs were loosened from the sledges and tied to a post of ice. Then the father crept slowly and quietly to the seal-hole, and after the concealed animal blew again,



THE ARCTIC COAST IN SUMMER.

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IN BLUE FOX-SKIN GARMENTS. MANÉ AND HER TWO-YEAR-OLD BABY.

he located him and sent his harpoon through the little blow-hole into the seal's back. Holding the wiggling victim, he beckoned to his son to come. With a knife the ice was chipped about the hole until it was large enough, when the seal was dragged out and placed upon the sledge, and the hunters proudly returned to the hummock, where the rest of the family waited. The ice was such here that they could not camp to satisfy their empty stomachs, so they continued their march to a safer place.

It was nearly eleven o'clock the next day before the sun rose. In the twilight preceding, Ingapodoo had noticed, under the flush of the dawn, a spot on the land where there seemed to be snow of a sufficiently substantial character to permit the construction of a snow house. But on closer approach the snow proved to be too soft to make solid blocks. The old skin tent was then unpacked and pitched upon a rock. Together they all made preparations for a great feast, a sort of recompense for a fast of seventy-two hours. The seal was undressed and distributed, the dogs receiving their portion first, the women and children next, and the hunters last. For nearly a week the family camped here. They ate, drank, and slept heartily, which means perfect happiness to the Eskimo. The family indulged in this luxurious absorption until the last of the seal was gone, cheerfully oblivious of the famine which was sure to come. This is typical of Eskimo life; they are satisfied and contented while food lasts, but it is not until the famine has actually begun that they begin a serious hunt.

Now, again Ingapodoo started his train over the frozen sea, but the light was fading, the darkness was thickening fast, and the cold was so intense that it was difficult

IN A BIRD-SKIN SHIRT.

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to stop even at midday to melt snow for a drink. Their food was gone, and for three days their search for game was unsuccessful. On the fourth day they followed a bear track, which took them to Netulume, a town of three underground houses, inhabited by twenty Eskimos. This was near a point of land where the ice was greatly fissured, and here whales and walrus were now to be captured during most of the winter. The Netulume people had been lucky enough to secure several large animals, which gave them food and fuel in abundance for many months.

Ingapodoo came along with his family in miserable clothing, his dogs so starved that they no longer kept the traces tight even while walking. The starved human figures staggered along as best they could. The village dogs announced the coming visitors with the usual howl, and quickly every man, woman, and child hurried out of the long passages from the huts and stood outside watching the coming Eskimos. The poor creatures, who had been for days without food, were hardly able to mount the ice pack from the sea to the land, but curious enough, not one of the fat, well-dressed natives above offered to help the newcomers. Later, as they met face to face, not a word of greeting was exchanged, nor were the visitors invited into the homes out of the icy wind, then blowing in gales. It was well known that Ingapodoo and his family were starving; still, not a morsel of food was offered them by their new neighbors from their overstocked larder. These people were friendly to each other, and there was no reason for this apparent inhospitable treatment. This suspicious neutrality in meeting betrays a curious series of Eskimo traits. There are no parting or salutatory greetings, and visitors are never invited to partake of neighborly hospitality. If an Eskimo is hungry he must help himself or ask for food. This being done, however, the last strip of meat will be given a visitor even if their own starvation be inevitable.

A YOUNG MOTHER. IN THE HOOD IS A VERY YOUNG BABY, WHICH WEARS ONLY A HOOD FOR THE FIRST YEAR, AND RESTS AGAINST THE SKIN OF HER MOTHER.

At Netulume, Ingapodoo lived well, and, like a camel, he laid a good stock of fat and muscle under his skin. With bodies well rounded, but still badly clothed, Ingapodoo's family continued their weary march northward. Now the sledges carried meat and fat in abundance. The sun had by this time vanished entirely. The long night had begun, and even the moonlight was of a short

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duration. At the end of this day's march they reached the North Land of promise, and here, near a prominent headland, where there is open water nearly all winter, they built snow houses. Soon there came other families, and long before midnight (the Arctic midnight—about Christmas time), there had come many others. A couple of walrus fell victims to the combined efforts of the harpooners, and when these were landed, there was a plentiful supply of food and fuel for the balance of the long night.

The sun rose again February 16th, after an absence of one hundred and thirteen days, and as the golden rays darted from peak to peak, the lethargy and depression of the inhabitants of the snow village gave place to a boundless enthusiasm. During the night they slept much, ate little, and wore nearly nothing by way of clothing.

THE OLDEST COUPLE, A HAPPY PAIR WHO HAVE STRUGGLED AGAINST STORMS FOR SEVENTY YEARS.

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Even when visitors came to the snow-house tenants, they received them, as is their custom, in sleeping garments. With the returning sun there came visitors from far and near, and the scene of death and silence of the night was quickly transformed into one of hilarity. The children, suddenly awakening from their sleep of a hundred days, rolled about in the snow, playing football with each other, laughing, jumping, howling, and bursting out into all sorts of passions, while the men sharpened their weapons and again prepared for the hunt. The women now for a brief period aban-

A VERY YOUNG COUPLE OF FIFTEEN AND TWENTY-THREE.

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EVERY ESKIMO WOMAN HAS A BABY ON HER BACK.

doned their neutral attitude to the men, and made themselves as agreeable and lovely as possible. They do not wear new garments, nor do they attempt to look pretty in any way; they do not even wash their faces, but by a charm of manner, by catchy use of their eyes and a fascinating run of conversation, peculiar to this time of the year, they simply bring all the men smiling to their feet. Marriage relations are always easy, and, at this period, all matrimonial bonds are broken. During the balance of the year the women are the slaves of the men. The drudgery of house-work, the dressing of skins, the making of clothing, the preparation of the game, and, indeed, most of the hard and uninteresting tasks fall to woman's lot, while the men pursue the chase.

Love-making progresses with the advance of daylight. By the time the sun remains above the icy horizon two months hence the young people are all mated and some of the

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TUNG-WING-WAH, A COY MAIDEN OF FIFTEEN, THE BELLE OF THE ARCTIC HIGHLANDERS.

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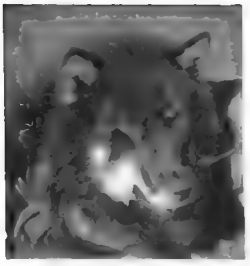

older ones remated. As the courtship progresses the snow village is abandoned, new tents are made, and the various couples, with their dependents, seek new delights in other places. Thus new villages are made each season of the year, the family relations change, the food is changed, the ambitions and emotions are changed—in a word, change is the law of Arctic life. This does not apply, however, to clothing, which is changed but once a year.

These northernmost people, almost inhuman in their manner of living, are still, in their relation to each other and to the rest of mankind, very human. They have a deep sense of honor, a wholesome regard for the rights of their fellows, and a sympathetic temperament. Thefts are almost unknown, cheating and lying are extremely uncommon. Quarrels, though frequent, are restrained because of a well-developed habit of suppressing all emotions. Morally, even when measured by our own standard, they are superior to the white invaders of their own country. Physically and mentally they are dwarfed, but sufficiently developed to satisfy their needs. One of the most interesting problems of Eskimo life is involved in the attempt to study in each man the mainspring of his ambition. It must take a strong spark to fire the furnace of human effort against the awful odds of the polar elements.

What is it that drives a man through storm and snow over ice into freezing water on into a world of cold misery? The superficial observer will quickly say, "It is the need of food, clothing, and shelter." A more careful search into Eskimo elements, however, proves that these are only accessory to the main ambition of life. The real pivot upon which all his efforts are based is the desire to be rated well among his colleagues, and inseparably linked with this is the love of some feminine heart. Is not this also the inspiration of all the world?

AN OUTGROWN PLAYMATE.

By Alberta Bancroft.

THERE'S a cave in the haystack where sometimes I sit
And play that I'm Robinson Crusoe.
My calf was man Friday; but now she won't fit:
There's no room. She's a cow, 'cause she grew so.

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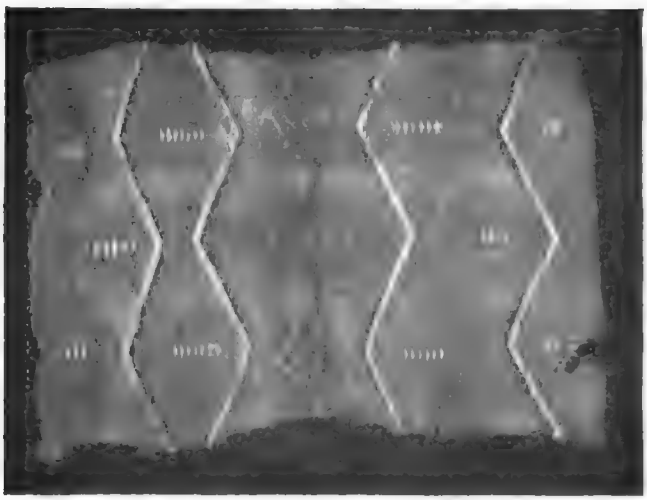
"EACH INDIVIDUAL SPECIMEN IS A HUMAN DOCUMENT."



THE MAKING OF A NAVAJO BLANKET.

By George H. Pepper.

Illustrated from Photographs.

DELICATE in texture, exquisite in design, wonderful in construction, the textiles of the ancient Peruvians stand alone in the arts of the New World, and are comparable with any of the archaic loom-work of the Orient. But the old Peruvians, though past-masters in the art of weaving, were not alone in their vocation. The old Nahuas, the Mayas, and other tribes of Mexico and Central America, well knew the possibilities of the loom, and from the evidence at hand we are safe in saying that the prehistoric sedentary people of our own Southwest were also textile-makers of no small merit. But of their descendants we cannot say as much, for the modern Pueblo Indians weave only the most simple form of blankets.

While the Pueblo people lived in peace in a land of comparative plenty, their æsthetic arts improved; but when the bands of Apaches and Navajos swept down upon them there came a change, and a decadence began which was increased by the Spanish conquest and afterward by the successive inroads of white adventurers and settlers. The Navajos were hunters who levied tribute upon their agricultural neighbors, and when later the Spaniards appeared and brought new game, these nomads helped themselves most freely, especially to the sheep. The Navajo seemed naturally adapted to the life of a herdsman, and the horse at once became his friend and ally, while the increasing flocks of sheep, at first stolen for food, were cared for by the squaws. Now, when the Navajo saw the wonderful trappings of Coronado's army, he was, no doubt, impressed by the fabrics worn by the soldiers and the blankets in which they slept at night, and began to realize the full import of the work already known to him. At all events, he conceived a desire to weave, and this he did, utilizing native implements and foreign material. The loom-sticks he either borrowed or copied from the Pueblos, and then by ravelling a very hard-twist Spanish cloth, known as "vayeta," he rewove it and made the "Serape Navaho" of the old traders and explorers. It seems quite evident that the Navajos learned their art from the Pueblos, but from the evidence obtainable they did not put their knowledge to any use until after the conquest; then a great many years must have elapsed before the next step was taken,

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and the wool from the sheep made to take the place of the high-priced material from which they obtained their woof. Once begun, however, it presented unlimited possibilities, and the quick-witted nomad seemed to grasp the situation. He worked arduously, and though he appropriated the Spaniard's sheep, the only tools that he borrowed from him were the shears and wool-cards. With the old primitive distaff and Pueblo loom he spun links of wool, forming a chain of such exceeding length that, when his country was absorbed by our great Union, it reached the seat of government, and thousands of sheep were added to his flocks through the generosity of his foster fathers. This assistance was well directed, and the result is self-evident, for there are few who have not seen or at least heard of a Navajo blanket.

But how many realize the amount of labor involved in preparing the crude wool as it is taken from the sheep, and converting it into a twine that is thin enough and strong enough for the warp-strands of their work? Who but the initiated, in looking upon their beautiful designs, are impressed with the fact that they are viewing an evidence of individuality? It is not machine work, where each thread is counted by a complicated mechanism, and where each design is mathematically perfect; the forms and figures are evolved while the work is in progress, and drawn in their entirety upon the kaleidoscopic mirror of the mind alone. If it is new to you, my reader, you would, no doubt, like to see the squaw as she labors faithfully from the initial stages of the work until it is ready to adorn her own hogan or be sold to a neighboring Pueblo or trader. Let us journey, then, westward to a broad ancient waterway in northwestern New Mexico, known as Chaco Cañon, and find there the Navajo at home; not on the reservation set apart for him by the authorities in Washington, but in one of the grazing areas that he has preëmpted for the immediate needs of his hungry flocks.

We have not far to go to see the blanket-makers, for some of the older ones are usually near camp; not begging, but earnestly hoping that they will be invited to partake of what is left after the meal—a cup of coffee at least, which is to them not

"HER WRINKLED, TIME-WORN, ELEMENT-SCARRED FACE BEARS MUTE EVIDENCE TO THE YEARS OF WORK THAT SHE HAS SEEN."

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"THE HOGAN, OR HOUSE, GENERALLY CONSISTS OF A FEW TREES DRIVEN INTO THE GROUND TO FORM A SEMICIRCLE. THE TOP IS COVERED WITH BRUSH OR A BLANKET, BUT OFTEN . . . AN ARROYO-BENCH . . . FORMS THE BACK PART OF THE HOUSE."

merely a luxury, but as essential as the so-called "staff of life." One of these old veteran weavers is shown in the illustration, and her wrinkled, time-worn, element-scarred face bears mute evidence to the years of work that she has seen. Practically all of the blankets are made by the squaws, both old and young, the few men who do the squaw's work making the exception that proves the rule. The squaw cares for the sheep, which are moved in large flocks from pasture to pasture, and great foresight must be exercised in preparing for the future needs of their charges, both in the way of new pastures and also in regard to a sufficient supply of water. The squaw also shears the sheep, and carries the wool to camp; though the latter part of the work sometimes falls to the lot of a burro or a pony. The summer camp is placed in the most convenient place, and the hogan, or house, generally consists of a few trees driven into the ground to form a semicircle. The top is covered with brush or a blanket, but often, as in the accompanying picture, an arroyo-bench is selected, a part of which forms the back part of the house. In these rough shelters the blanket work is carried on.

In the preparatory stages of the work the first operation is the shearing of the

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"WHEN THE WORK OF DYEING IS COMPLETED, THE WOOL IS PULLED APART AND PLACED ON THE WOOL-CARDS. . . . WITH THESE CARDS THE WOOL IS PREPARED FOR THE SPINDLES."

sheep. The animal is caught, thrown upon its side and hog-tied; that is, the four legs are crossed and bound securely with a piece of wool-rope, and then, with an occasional bleat of protest, the sheep is relieved of its coat. The great shearing-time is in the spring and fall, but sheep are sometimes sheared during the summer months.

Occasionally the fleece is taken off in one large piece, as shown in the illustration on page 37, and the rough parts and ends are removed and put aside for the coarser saddle-pads, experience having taught them that it is not policy to utilize the second-grade material in the construction of a good blanket. The white wool is not clean, as a rule, and does not stand out as it should when combined with black and other dark colors. The scarcity of water and the absence of sheep-dips are, of course, responsible for this state of affairs; nevertheless we have succeeded in inducing a few of the squaws to wash the wool, both black and white, and the portion that is to be dyed as well as that which is to be utilized in the natural state. When washed the wool is placed on the grease-wood bushes to dry, after which it is ready for the dyeing process.

Most of the Navajo sheep are white, but black ones are not uncommon. This gives the Indian two natural contrasts in color, with numerous shades of black and brown, while the wool of some sheep assumes almost a blue color. Occasionally all of these products are used in their natural state, but the white wool is the only one that is used to any extent without being dyed. The black wool is never a jet black; it has a red tinge, and is seldom used without being treated with "El-gee'-ba-toh," their native black dye, or the now prevalent aniline dye of the trader.

The native dyes of the Navajos are few. The only one they were using in their wool-work when I first saw them, in 1896, was black, and even this was fast being replaced by the dyes from stores. There is a yellow-green dye that is used occasionally; it is made from the flowering tops of the rabbit-weed (*Bigelovia graveolens*). After the flower-stalks have boiled for several hours a native alum is added, the use of the latter being that of a mordant. It gives a variety of shades, and is really a good dye for wool-work. Their native red dye is still used for moccasins and buckskin in general,

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but owing to the pale red color, the result when it is applied to wool, it is seldom used for that purpose. The preparation of the black dye requires both time and labor. First the leaves and twigs of the aromatic sumac (*Rhus aromatica*) are boiled for six hours, while the squaw grinds ferruginous ochre and burns it in an open frying-pan. When the ochre has changed to a red powder, piñon-gum is added and stirred constantly until it carbonizes and forms with the ochre a black powder, which is added to the liquid, thereby forming a permanent dye. It is, as Dr. Washington Matthew says, a regular ink, "the tannic acid of the sumac combining with the sesquioxide of iron in the roasted ochre, the whole enriched by the carbon of the calcined gum." This liquid is used in dyeing buckskin, leather, and textiles, as well as the natural wool. Some of the old vayeta blankets have a very dark blue design, but this coloring material was not native, being the indigo that the Spaniards introduced, and which the Navajos have retained throughout the historic period. I have been told that they had, originally, a blue dye of their own, but I could find no one who knew how it was made. However, though we have only two purely primitive wool-dyes known to the present blanket-makers, the variants of the yellow-green dye afford them a number of different shades, ranging from a canary-yellow to an olive-green.

When the work of dyeing is completed, the wool is pulled apart and placed on the wool-cards. These "cards" are of American manufacture. They are thin rectangular pieces of wood with handles, one side being covered with a strip of leather containing fine wire teeth. With these cards the wool is prepared for the spindles. In the process the fibres are made to lie in the same general direction, so that the finished piece is of uniform thickness, and forms a strip about four inches wide and seven inches in length. This strip is taken by the squaw and wound upon a distaff of primitive form—this first process of spinning being a lengthening and twisting of the wool. The illustration on page 38 shows this. The distaff used by the Navajos is

"OCCASIONALLY THE FLEECE IS TAKEN OFF IN ONE LARGE PIECE, . . . AND THE ROUGH PARTS AND ENDS ARE REMOVED AND PUT ASIDE FOR THE COARSER SADDLE-PADS."

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"THE FIBRES ARE MADE TO LIE IN THE SAME GENERAL DIRECTION, SO THAT THE FINISHED PIECE IS OF UNIFORM THICKNESS, AND FORMS A STRIP ABOUT FOUR INCHES WIDE AND SEVEN INCHES IN LENGTH. THIS STRIP IS TAKEN BY THE SQUAW AND WOUND UPON A DISTAFF OF PRIMITIVE FORM—THIS FIRST PROCESS OF SPINNING BEING A LENGTHENING AND TWISTING OF THE WOOL."

practically the same as that used by the ancient Pueblo people, the only difference being in the size and shape of the whorl, the one shown in the accompanying photograph being a flat circular piece, whereas most of the old ones were thicker and much smaller. The position in which the distaff is held and the manner of manipulation vary in different tribes. While the Moquis roll the distaff along the leg, using the flattened fingers and part of the palm, and the Peruvians twirl their thin needle-like pieces into the air and deftly catch them as they return, the Navajos rest the upper part of the implement against the leg, and revolve it with a twirling motion of the thumb and fingers, the lower end resting on the ground. But among all tribes where the primitive form of spinning is retained the work is long and tedious.

The second step in the spinning is the unwinding and twisting of the loose strand, which leaves it in an almost hopeless mass of kinks and snarls, but in the third step these are all straightened out when the skein is returned to the distaff; it has now become more like a fluffy cord than when it was lying in a heap. Many times must the patient squaw wind and unwind, stretch and twist, ere she may put it aside as the finished woof-strand. Even then the spinning has but begun; another lot must be worked in the same way, and even more carefully than the first, for when the woof-size is reached the work is only half done. At this point great care must be exerted to keep the strand uniform; for it is to be the warp, or framework, on which the blanket is to be built. Harder and tighter she twists it until, after long hours of toil, she produces a strong, kinky, bristling twine whose little filaments will hold the woof-strands in a vise-like grip as the weaving progresses.

After the spinning process two small trees, or poles, are obtained, and to these the blanket-sticks are tied, usually with native wool-rope. These sticks are generally old ones that have been used for years, and the squaws become so attached to them that when a bargain is being made for a loom it is very difficult to persuade a blanket-maker to part with this particular part of

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her outfit. After the loom-sticks are adjusted, and the loom is placed in a horizontal position, the sticks are wound with a rather coarse wool-cord, and through each loop is passed a twisted cord, which is to form the ends of the finished blanket. The warp-strand is next strung from pole to pole (as shown on this page) across the rectangular space, the loop at either end passing through a twist of the cord already mentioned, which lies along the inner side of the pole. When enough warp has been strung a twisted wool-cord is stretched near the outer cord at either side, and the loom is then raised to a perpendicular position and set up in the hogan. The uprights are firmly imbedded in the ground, and the loom is then apparently ready for work; but there is one other essential that shows the ingenuity of the Indian, for evidently realizing that the mere matter of tying the lower loom-sticks to the uprights would not insure rigidity, since the work would tend to loosen the knots and the warp-strands would be more or less loose as a result, she proceeded to dig directly under the loom-sticks three holes large enough and deep enough to receive heavy stones. These holes were placed at either end and under the middle of the lower loom-pole, while to the stones suspended in the holes cords from these ends were fastened, thereby keeping the warp-strands uniformly taut, and leaving the loom ready in every way for the blanket work, as shown on page 40.

The skeleton has now been made, the framework upon which the blanket is to be built.

The squaw must next consider what kind of a blanket is to be made, for upon her decision will depend the arrangement of the healds, which are shown in the lower part of the picture. These healds are made by knotting a cord about a long twig, each loop of which encloses a warp-strand. The heald is made in such a way that it may be readily moved, its work being the separation of the strands. In simple, solid color-work one or more slender twigs are used in connection with the heald, one of which may be seen below and another above it in the plate.

The first and most essential tool to be used is the batten, or Bay-heck-kin-klish', with which the squaw separates the warp-

"AFTER THE SPINNING PROCESS . . . THE WARP-STRAND IS NEXT STRUNG FROM POLE TO POLE . . . ACROSS THE RECTANGULAR SPACE."

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strands for the passage of the shuttle and pounds down the woof-strands when they have been placed in position. Generally it is a piece of scrub-oak, three feet long, three inches wide, and half an inch thick, boat-shaped at the ends, with thin edges. The manner in which this tool is handled, or rather the energy with which it is used, regulates, to a great degree, the hardness, and therefore the firmness of the blanket. When a hard, fine blanket is to be made, the warp-strands are closely strung, and the woof passed through and pulled taut before it is pounded into place by the repeated blows of the batten. On the other hand, when a saddle-pad or other loosely woven blanket is to be made, the wool is passed through loosely and pressed into place with a little implement called a "Payttsoy," a combination of a comb and an awl, the awl serving to loosen any part that may prove to be uneven after the irregular distribution of the loosely spun woof. The wool is then patted gently with the batten to equalize the irregularities and prepare an even surface for the next cross-section.

"THE LOOM READY IN EVERY WAY FOR THE BLANKET WORK."

As most of the Navajo blankets are a combination of designs, there is very little use for a shuttle, hence there is no specialized form of this implement. When solid color-work is to be done a twig of greasewood serves the purpose admirably. The wool is wound back and forth as a boy winds kite-cord, and only enough to finish the solid portion in course of construction at the time. As the bulk of the work is in the form of designs, the wool for each figure is made into a little ball, or, should the design be a small one, the wool-strand is allowed to hang from its position, as shown on page 41. The number of these pendent strands depends, of course, upon the number of designs on a given level and the number of colors that are being used in each figure, but occasionally as many as twenty or thirty strands may be seen, and at such times the swiftness with which the numerous pieces are manipulated is really marvellous. For determining the length of the different figures in the more simple designs, the squaw sometimes ties a cord around the warp-strands that are to be included; the accompanying plate shows this in three places. As each marginal woof-strand is added it is passed through a twist in the side cords before mentioned. I say marginal strand, for very often from five

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to a dozen strands will be built up on one side before the other side is worked, so one may readily see that a uniform line is not always maintained. Work of this kind, although causing a very noticeable difference between handwork and mechanical figures, detracts from the æsthetic appearance of the finished product; and, as it seems to be attributable to nothing less than sheer laziness on the part of the squaw, it is being discouraged by those who are interested in the development of the art of the Navajos.

In making a blanket, the squaw always sits, building up the designs as far as she can reach; she then removes the lower loom-pole and forms a roll of the finished part of the blanket. The loom-pole is then fastened to the face of the blanket at a point just below the upper line of the woof. Here a fold is made, and through the double section thus formed the coarse wool-cord is sewed, each stitch of which passes under the cord of the loom-pole. The whole blanket is now lowered, the three stone weights adjusted, and the work is resumed.

In examining the work of the Navajos, heavy ridges are very often noticeable, so that at times it almost seems that two sections have been sewed together, but closer scrutiny shows that the piece is entire. It requires years of constant use to obliterate these peculiar loom-marks. When the blanket is nearly completed very thin and narrow battens, or pounding sticks, are used, and the strands are finally pressed into place with long needles of wood which are used in connection with the little comb. Carefully the last strands are pounded home—no shirking at this stage of the work. One by one they are woven in and out until at last no space remains, and the labors of the weaver are at an end.

Thus the blanket is rolled and sewed and the loom lowered; step by step it is evolved from the crude wool, until at last it stands before us a thing of beauty, the material as free from padding as the work was at one time free from the influence of civilization. But our prosaic natures fail to realize that each individual specimen is a human document.

In the rush and turmoil of our busy life we do not think of the story that is woven into those ever-changing strands, nor of the

"THE WOOL IS WOUND BACK AND FORTH AS A BOY WINDS KITE-CORD. . . . AS THE BULK OF THE WORK IS IN THE FORM OF DESIGNS, . . . SHOULD THE DESIGN BE A SMALL ONE, THE WOOL-STRAND IS ALLOWED TO HANG FROM ITS POSITION."

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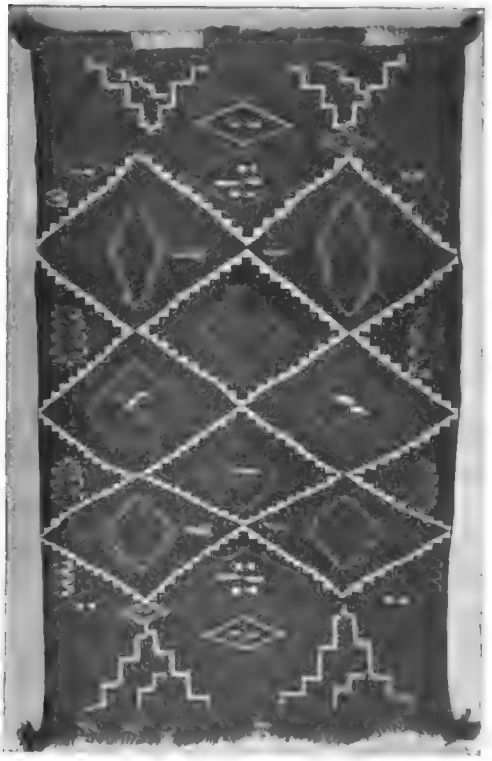

"ONE OF THE MOST WONDERFUL PIECES OF DESIGN WORK THAT THE NAVAJOS HAVE EVER PRODUCED. . . . THE DESIGNS AND THE GENERAL ENSEMBLE ARE PRICELESS TO THE STUDENT, BUT TO COMPARE THE STORE WOOF WITH THE PRIMITIVE FORM WOULD BE A FARCE."

tales of woe and suffering that those bright and gaudy colors have beheld. But could that lifeless form be given speech, it could tell of days of adverse fortune when the sandstorms held mad revel, and the household goods were piled about it to keep it clean, while its owner sought the friendly shelter of a neighboring rock. Or it might speak of nights when all was dark, when waters dashed in torrents through the roofless hogan, causing squaws to bare their shoulders to the elements while their blankets shielded it from harm. How many instances of suffering might be cited—patient cripples, weak and emaciated men and women, feeble with age and exposure, subsisting on corn and water, watching day by day the progress of the blanket whose completion will mean coffee and a few of the luxuries that we would class as necessities! Then the blanket is finished and the journey to the trading store begins. The squaw knows from experience what she should receive for her work, and therefore demands a certain amount as her just dues. The trader, hard-hearted and grasping, as a rule, takes from his money-pouch perhaps one-half the blanket's value in silver and throws it upon the counter. The squaw realizes the injustice of the act, but also knows full well that there is but one alternative, and that is to ride perhaps a score of miles to the next store, and that, too, without the slightest prospect of better treatment when she reaches it. Then comes the thought of the anxious ones at home, and she realizes how great will be the disappointment if she returns empty-handed. Long she ponders, then conquering the ever-increasing anger that threatens to gain the mastery over reason, she takes the proffered coin. She is able to buy but half the goods that she had hoped to get, and the trader realizes from one hundred to three hundred per cent. on each article that she buys.

Thus it has been for many years, but I am glad that I am able to say that a new *régime* has begun which promises to give the Navajo not only an honest equivalent for his work, but also a helping hand in each and all of the various ways that tend to elevate and cause a betterment in his physical and financial status.

On page 43 we have a reproduction of one of the purely primitive blankets. It is a small rug made entirely from natural native products. In this form of blanket we have the result of recent training. The wool has been washed and the natural colors have been utilized; these consist of a black and a yellow-brown, forming a design on a white background. It not only does away with the dyes of the white man, but the effect is pleasing to the eye, for the colors are very soft and harmonize perfectly. The blanket under consideration was made for the writer during the summer of 1898, when the work of the Hyde Exploring Expedition among the Navajos, begun in 1896, was bearing fruit. But the reclaiming of the Indian's art proved to be a task that necessitated untiring labor with results hardly sufficient to repay one for the time and money expended. Unforeseen obstacles were constantly encountered. The Indian had been moving in a certain groove for years, and did not appreciate innovations that tended to disrupt the work that had been brought about by the traders.

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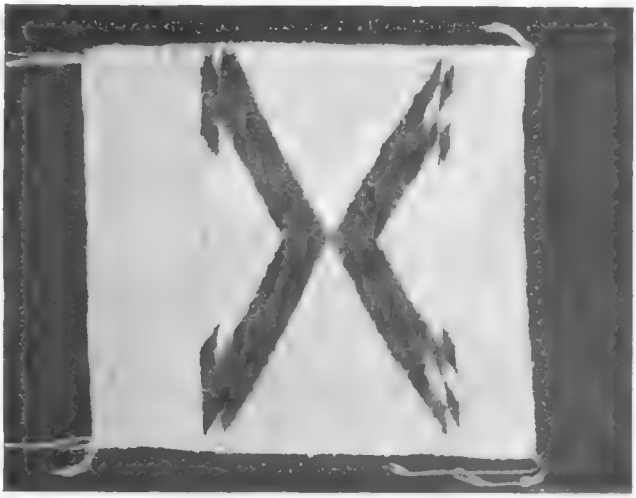
One of the greatest evils with which we had to cope was the use of white store cord, which was rapidly replacing the native warp. With the machine-made cord for the warp the labor of blanket work was greatly reduced. Blankets could be made more rapidly, and the trader seldom made a difference in the price of the finished article. Then the hideous purples and greens were introduced to swell the great list of alien dyes. Some of the combinations consequent upon this step affected even the apathetic trader, to say nothing of the retailers in the cities. They were obliged to refuse any and all blankets that contained designs in purple. Thus public opinion will tend to crush an evil when it passes beyond the bounds of æsthetic endurance.

There is another grievance that must be laid at the door of the trader. Not satisfied with his innovations of aniline colors and animals galore, both of which run at will across the fields of blankets that should not be profaned by such intrusions, he gave the Indians yarn from the factories that have made the city of Germantown famous. At first he gave them warp, as we have seen; then, to make the product still more modernized, he furnished them with a ready-made woof. What an easy time for the Indian—no shearing, no bother at all with the crude wool, no tedious spinning, no dyeing; nothing to do, in fact, but the actual weaving! A saving of labor to the Indian, 'tis true, but oh, how much the beauty and artistic merit of their work has suffered! Where are the variants in color values that give their dye work such a charm? Where is the rough, uneven surface with its warmth of blended fibres? Where is that inexplainable something that draws us with an irresistible desire to the native work? All have vanished, and we behold in the Germantown blanket a textile not truly Indian, but merely an exhibition of his abilities as a weaver.



"IT IS A SMALL RUG MADE ENTIRELY FROM NATURAL NATIVE PRODUCTS. IN THIS FORM OF BLANKET WE HAVE THE RESULT OF RECENT TRAINING. THE WOOL HAS BEEN WASHED AND THE NATURAL COLORS HAVE BEEN UTILIZED; THESE CONSIST OF A BLACK AND A YELLOW-BROWN, FORMING A DESIGN ON A WHITE BACKGROUND."

The blanket shown on page 42 is one of the most wonderful pieces of design work that the Navajos have ever produced. The ancient cloud terraces with the zigzag lightning and the esoteric designs of the priesthood have a charm and a value that are immeasurable; but how much more interesting it would have been and how much greater the degree of ethnic importance had they but made it from their native wool, to say nothing of the pleasant associations of such a work! The designs and the general ensemble are priceless to the student, but to compare the store woof with the primitive form would be a farce.

If we care naught for the primitive work, if the desire is to perfect the Indian's textile arts along the lines of modern thought, then the sooner we introduce the proper machinery the better. But God forbid that such a day should ever dawn. May the sun never rise upon the Navajo and behold him in more modernized condition in his blanket work than at the present time. On the contrary, let us hope that the efforts that are now on foot may grow to such proportions that the modern influence may be swept away completely, and primitive ideas and primitive work be once more the dominant factor in his weaving industries.

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MISS ELLEN M. STONE.

The American missionary who, on the third of September, 1901, was captured by Bulgarian brigands and held for ransom.

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THE BRIGAND MOUNTAINS IN SUMMER.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS.

By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

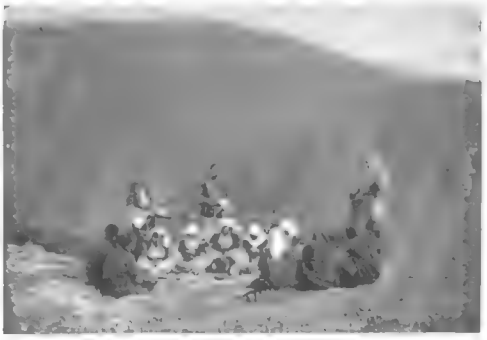
[Mr. Lyle, our special correspondent, went to Bulgaria soon after Miss Stone was captured, and spent many weeks in gathering all the available information about this outrage. It is an extraordinary and intensely interesting story—infinitely removed from Western civilization in the twentieth century.—Editor.]

A BULGARIAN BRIDE.

A SCORE of brigands were ambushed in a savage defile of the Macedonian mountains. They were waiting for a party of missionaries which was to pass that way. They knew that one was an American woman. The enterprise promised risks; but, on the other hand, a profit most alluring.

They surprised the travellers and carried off the American woman, Miss Ellen Stone. As a companion for her they also took Mme. Tsilka, a Bulgarian teacher engaged with the missionaries. The two women were clad only in light summer clothes. An umbrella and a waterproof cloak completed this pitiful wardrobe. Since then winter has come. Early in November snow fell in the mountains for the greater part of a week. The cold and the winds have a bitter tooth in those high regions, but the captives were

PURSUIT OF A BULGARIAN BRIGAND BY A TURK.



BULGARIAN PEASANTS AT A FUNERAL FEAST.

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COUNTRY TRAVERSED BY THE BRIGANDS IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CAPTURE OF MISS STONE AND MME. TSILKA.

not yet rescued. Their sufferings may scarcely be imagined. It is true that they have been reported safe and well, and that they are both hardy women. But Miss Stone is over fifty years of age, and Mme. Tsilka expected at the time to become a

RILO MONASTERY, CELEBRATED FOR THE BEAUTY OF ITS SURROUNDINGS.

The neighborhood swarms with brigands who seek refuge among their friends and relatives of the village. Here search was made for Miss Stone and her captors, while several of the monks were accused of hiding them.

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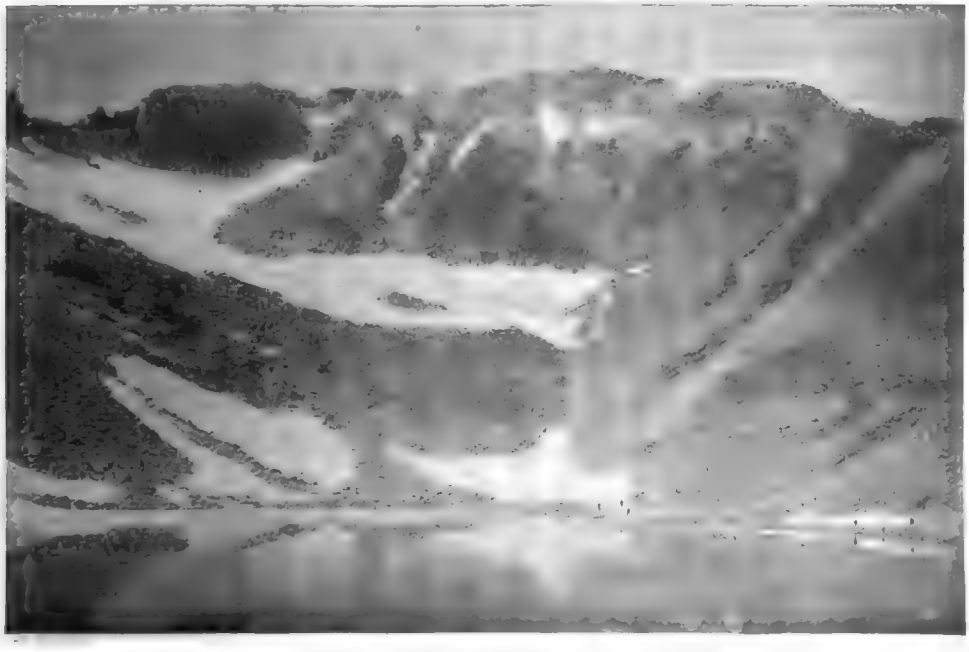
RILO LAKE, IN THE BRIGAND-INFESTED RILO MOUNTAINS.

It is believed that the brigands carried their captives north from the Perim range, crossed into Bulgaria, and took refuge in this district, whence they have entered into negotiations for the ransom.

mother shortly. The reports may easily be false. Their fate is unknown.

There is possibly behind the design a powerful and dreaded secret organization, the Macedonian Committee, which would apply the ransom to a fund for waging revolution



THE BRIGAND MOUNTAINS IN WINTER, LAKE RILO AT THE FOOT.

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BULGARIAN TROOPS IN PURSUIT OF THE BRIGANDS. IN THE CENTER OF THE GROUP MAY BE SEEN A GREEK PRIEST.

MISS STONE AND HER COMPANION IN CAPTIVITY HAVE BEEN IMMORTALIZED ON A BULGARIAN POSTAL CARD.

against Turkish misrule in Macedonia. The blighting shadow of Russia clouds the mysterious conspiracies of the Committee. The kidnapping of an American missionary is interwoven with the politics of Europe.

For over a half-century the missionaries of the Congregational and formerly of the Presbyterian churches have buried themselves alive in the Balkans, that they might labor to convert and teach the Greek Catholics. The forefathers of some of these

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Christians-to-be-converted heard Paul himself preach when the forefathers of the missionaries carried gnarled clubs at their girdles of wolf skins. The missionaries, however, have in a restricted circle built up character, and their influence may be perceived. Among them was Miss Ellen Stone, a cultivated, strong, and cheerful woman of about fifty years of age, who twenty-three years ago left her comfortable home in Chelsea, Massachusetts, abandoned a lucrative position on a magazine staff, and attached herself to one of the four missionary districts into which Turkey and Bulgaria are divided. Latterly she has been in charge of thirty-five Bible women who hold schools over the district. Like a true frontierswoman, she travels through the rough country on horseback and inspects the schools. Last August she was making such a tour. At Bansko, in Macedonia near the Bulgarian border, she had just closed her summer school, and shortly before noon of September 3d set out for Djumia, several hours distant. Accompanying her were an Albanian preacher named Tsilka, and his wife, the Bulgarian teacher, who is a graduate of the Presbyterian Hospital of New York; a Bible woman; three muleteers; and six students who were returning with Miss Stone to the mission schools at Samakov, in Bulgaria.

The party travelled for about three hours from Bansko, then stopped to eat a cold lunch which they had brought with them. When they set out again, it was to continue their journey, Indian file, along the right bank of a stream that flows through a deep gorge. They passed a jutting rock and came into an open space flanked by steep bluffs. Beyond them was what the Bulgarians call the Supported Rock, because it is propped up like a shelf against the declivity. The missionaries kept on, without once thinking of any danger, when suddenly from behind the rock appeared a score of men, who thereupon halted them with menacing carbines. The Bible woman, who happened to be in the lead, half screamed and fainted. The first ruffian sprang towards her with a clubbed musket; but her son, one of the students, dragged her out of the way. The others turned involuntarily for flight, but only to face as many more brigands in their rear. The ambush had been well planned, and left not the slightest chance for resistance or escape.

Instantly the party was surrounded. Swarthy men dressed like Turks pulled the women from their horses and drove their prisoners across the stream, which was knee-deep. The brigands gave their orders by gruff signs, and by an occasional word in bad Turkish. Without thinking, they later let fall some phrases in Bulgarian, and this was good Bulgarian. But whenever any of the captives started to speak, he or she was immediately frightened into silence. When they had crossed the stream, the ascent of the opposite hillside began. It was so steep that sometimes a pack would slip from a horse's back. In a half-hour they gained a sort of terrace, and here the bandits stopped and robbed their captives of watches and gold. Silver they disdained. All of the gang were hungry, and when they found food in their booty, they ate ravenously. Some sausages made by the Bible woman proved a relish, and pork, the horror of Moslems, did not frighten them. They confiscated fifteen or twenty pounds of it in different forms. This incident furnishes one evidence that they were not Turks, but Bulgarians, probably both from Bulgaria and Macedonia.

Having plundered and gorged, the ruffians thought of murder. An hour before they had captured a Turk, a poor wretch with hands tied behind him by his girdle, and a wounded head still running blood. Either the man might be able to identify them later, or perhaps it was thought necessary to convince the other captives of their intense earnestness; at any rate, they dragged the Turk ten feet down the bank and flung him upon his knees among some bushes. Then they clubbed and stabbed. The body was recovered later, and it bore seven knife wounds. The tragedy took place in full sight of the prisoners.

Then came the real business of the expedition. This was the kidnapping of Miss Stone. The brigands paid only slight attention to any of the others. Miss Stone had gone to a rill just at hand, doubtless to bathe her temples lest she should faint after what she had just seen, when several of the outlaws motioned to her to come with them farther up the hill. Their manner was imperative, but not particularly rough. The conspiracy seemed to be carefully planned beforehand, even to details, for, with a remarkable considerateness and delicacy, they provided Miss Stone with a

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woman companion. And yet this second woman could only be a hindrance and added danger, without any promise of a larger ransom. They chose Mme. Tsilka, and signed to her to follow Miss Stone. Mme. Tsilka glanced at her friends, and lastly at her husband. The latter started forward, either to protest or to go with her, but several brigands ran between them and forced him back with their drawn weapons. Then the band divided. Some remained with the prisoners to be left behind, the others forced Miss Stone and Mme. Tsilka to mount their horses, and went on with them up the hill, when all trace of them was quickly lost in the gathering dusk.

The teachers and students were kept on the terrace throughout that night and closely guarded. They were not permitted to talk or to ask questions. Any movement or word brought the menace of a knife-point. In this way the brigands were remarkably successful in keeping their identity secret. The prisoners could see, however, that the band was composed mostly of young men, in whom there appeared some semblance of culture. Five or six only were older men, and these were grizzled fellows, veritable mountaineers or veritable brigands. If the Macedonian Committee be really involved, then that accounts for the young men. They would be the conspirators, and the mountaineers their guides and tutors in this particular phase of outlawry.

At daybreak of the next morning, September 4th, the brigands on the terrace left their prisoners behind them, and silently departed in the direction taken by their fellows and the two captives the evening before. The latter had had a start of ten hours of darkness in which to travel. The border was but five miles away, and by secret passages known only to themselves they doubtless crossed into Bulgaria, despite the patrols on either side, and sought hiding in one of the many caves of the Perim or Rilo mountains. As soon as they were left free, the prisoners on the terrace hurried back to Bansko and telegraphed to Dr. House of the missions at Salonica. Dr. House at once sent a dispatch to the American representative at Constantinople, and the same day the people of the United States learned of Miss Stone's capture.

Since then only three or four bits of direct, authentic news of the two women have been made public. Beyond this they have disappeared completely from the ken of human society. Uncertainty and mystery render the story most exasperating. Rumors, though, abound plentifully. According to these Mme. Tsilka gave premature birth to a child and died shortly afterward. Then Miss Stone was reported dead. They have been kept hidden in villages and caves and underground passages. Monks of the Rilo monastery were actually accused of complicity, and examined by judges at Doubnitza. But a self-alleged spy on the brigands returned with an account positively glowing. He said that the captives were in the harem of a Turkish bey near Nevrakope, where they wore the costume of Turkish women. Meantime two of the brigands donned their own clothes and appeared with brigand guards here and there so as to throw pursuers off the right track. The *personnel* of the band is even less definite. A certain Dontchou is supposed to be the chieftain, but there are three Dontchous. The one generally credited used to be a mail carrier among the border towns. But the Turks killed his father, and he took to outlawry in order to seek revenge. But as generally happens in such cases, he soon became an ordinary brutal murderer of herdsmen and travellers. Once his band was nearly exterminated in a pitched battle with Turkish troops, and he himself was badly wounded. He later came even to Sofia for surgical aid.

Of reliable information, there is first the letter left under the doorstep of Mme. Tsilka's father in Bansko during the night of September 13th. In it Mme. Tsilka advised her husband to return to his church work in Albania, and not wait for her in Macedonia, since she might not be freed before two months. It was dated "From the Earth," and there was not the least clew as to her whereabouts. Three words had been erased by the brigand censor. Two letters from Miss Stone were enclosed. One was for an aged Bulgarian deacon, in which she asked him to despatch the second to Mr. W. W. Peet, treasurer of the Turkish missions, with headquarters at Constantinople. All three of these letters merely indicated the desire of the brigands to begin negotiations. The recipients memorized their contents, then burned them as too dangerous for possession.

Next came the definite demand for ransom. Miss Mary Haskell, daughter of Dr.

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H. C. Haskell, of the mission schools at Samakov, was awakened about midnight of September 24th by a stealthy tapping on the street-gate. The house is built flush with the sidewalk, and the fence runs from the corner of the house. Miss Haskell occupies one of the two front rooms, so that it was she whom the tapping awakened.

"I listened a moment," she says, "and when the noise began again, I arose and went into the next room, which is our sitting-room, and pulled the window open slightly. Telegrams sometimes come to us during the night this way, so I thought nothing of it. Outside I saw a young man of about twenty-three, well dressed and fairly good-looking. With him there was an innocent little black and white dog. The young man kept himself in the shadow as much as possible. He told me in Bulgarian that he wanted to see Dr. Haskell. That made me suspect some plot, for there have been cases already of missionaries being robbed, so I told this man that my father could not be seen, and asked him his business. He answered that he had a letter. 'Why do you come this way, then, at this time of night?' I asked him. Because he had just reached town, he said. I offered to take it, but he hesitated at first, then finally handed it through the bars to me. Then, before he left, he threatened vengeance on all our family if anybody heard of the letter besides those addressed."

Once more in her room, the young woman looked curiously at the mysterious missive still in her hands. She thought it some blackmailing demand for money. "I tore the wretched thing open," she continues, "and there, before my eyes, was the fine, delicate handwriting of Miss Stone!" Alone in her room the girl read and re-read all that night the two letters enclosed. To her they hardly seemed like messages from the living as she tried to think where their sender might be at that moment. They were written in Bulgarian, evidently dictated by the brigands, except for certain personal greetings and the style of expression. The translation does not show the writer's character so well as the original, for in the original she speaks of the ruffians as "our men," meaning the men and the race whom she and her fellow-workers are trying to make Christians. One of the letters was addressed to Mr. Peet at Constantinople, and reads as follows:

MY HONORED FRIEND:

I write to inform you that on the third of September I was captured by a large number of armed men, some forty, as I was traveling from Bansko to Djumia with about twelve teachers, students, and others. They took with me for my companion Mrs. Catherine Tsilka. The reason for which they captured us is ransom. The price which they demand for us is £25,000 Turkish, which sum must be paid in gold, and this entirely without the knowledge of the Turkish and Bulgarian governments, within the term of eighteen days from to-day.

The condition of Mrs. Tsilka decided the limit, as she is expected to give birth to a child in three months. We are pursued by a Turkish army. I beg Dr. Haskell himself to go to Constantinople and exert himself to secure the payment of the ransom at Samakov, where the men will receive it and present an order from me.

The men who captured us at first showed courtesy and consideration towards us, but now, since the Turkish troops and Bashi-Bazouks have begun to pursue us, and the ransom is delayed, our condition is altogether changed. I therefore beg you to hasten in sending the ransom demanded, and as energetically as possible you will represent to the Turkish government that it shall stop the pursuit of us by the soldiers and the Bashi-Bazouks, otherwise we shall be killed by the people in whose hands we are.

I beg you to communicate without delay the contents of this letter to the representative of the United States at the Porte, and request his most serious cooperation. Pray for us. We are kept in the peace of God. With hearty salutations to your family,

Your friend,

ELLEN M. STONE.

This letter was carefully examined in hopes of some acrostic or other secret message from the captive, but none could be found. As requested in the second letter, Dr. Haskell at once hastened to Constantinople. But already the amount of the ransom demanded had become known in spite of efforts at secrecy, and then Consul-General Dickinson at Constantinople gave the letter to the press. So far, though, none of the threatened vengeance has fallen on Dr. Haskell's house.

The demand for ransom had an immediate and wild-fire effect in the United States. For here was something definite—how much? Twenty-five thousand pounds Turkish would free Miss Stone. That meant one hundred and ten thousand dollars, a staggering amount. Next came the question, how was it to be paid, by whom? The prudent committee of the American Board of Missions unanimously decided that it should not be paid at all, either by the Board or by any one else. Putting up ransom for a missionary's life was bad precedent. With such glittering inducement every mountain village would turn out a crop of thieves.

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Peasants would become brigands, for booty means gold, and wages pennies. They would endanger every American citizen abroad, and hence missionary work abroad. Miss Stone must not be rescued by placing a premium on crime. If there were no other way, so much the worse.

This was Spartan. But Miss Stone had a brother and an aged mother in Chelsea, Massachusetts, and they were not Spartans. Charles A. Stone would have none of the committee's ideas on bad precedents. He appealed to the American people to save his sister's life. That same day the congregation of the captive's home church started the ransom fund with sixteen hundred dollars. Pledges, checks, and coins poured in upon the Boston bankers who were receiving the subscriptions. There was every hope that the full amount could be raised by October 8th, the date when Miss Stone was to be killed in default of payment. Meantime the prudent committee, grievously concerned, sent its president and secretary to confer with President Roosevelt. "Let the ransom be raised and paid—that is the only first step," such was the tenor of Mr. Roosevelt's reply. The committee took this teaching to heart, at once faced about on its former policy, and encouraged the public subscriptions most zealously. Thus began the publicity of the affair which is said to have embarrassed negotiations with the bandits, and which the missionaries and Consul-General Dickinson laid upon the newspapers. Some very sympathetic souls even proposed that each policeman in the United States should call out from his street corner, "Everybody to the rescue! Everybody to the rescue!"

The State Department had by now taken into its hands the management of the affair. Mr. Dickinson, accredited to Bulgaria as diplomatic agent, was sent from Constantinople to Sofia, there to effect Miss Stone's release. Representations were made to the Turkish and Bulgarian governments. Russia offered to coöperate in the rescue. President Roosevelt's policy was vigorous and bold. The State Department's correspondence with its agents in the East would show the sterling courage in his attitude. The ransom once paid, the responsibility should be fixed, the money recovered, the culprits punished, and conditions so renovated that brigandage would be no longer possible. Indemnity was to be exacted of the country to blame, though the kidnapping of another American woman should bankrupt the Ottoman Empire. American warships were expected in the Dardanelles, to manifest either before Constantinople or the Bulgarian port of Varna. If the latter, Turkey would gladly take sides with us against her brave though feeble little neighbor. Every effort to surround the brigands proved futile. Three battalions of the Sixth Bulgarian Infantry scoured the country between Samakov and Doubnitza and rummaged the villages of the Rilo district. The robber nests were swept out by three hundred Bulgarian infantry and five hundred dragoons under Colonel Geschoff. A Turkish force operated on the other side. Each nation, though, was playing its own game as well; a sort of hide-and-seek, whose object was to chase the brigands to the other's territory, and thus shift the responsibility and possibly the indemnity. All this merely imperilled the lives of the captives. Rev. J. W. Baird, of the Samakov missions, hurried to Djumia and Bonscom, and tried in vain to negotiate with the outlaws.

But about October 1st a party of travellers reported that they had seen the brigands and their captives on a wooded hill near Doubnitza called Gul Tepe or Rose Mountain. This was authentic, and at once plans were made to surround the robbers with troops on either side of the border. But there was a leakage. The band got word and moved on.

Meantime a message from Constantinople had cast a chill on the American excitement and subscription raising. The message ran, "Publicity thwarts success." Interviews with everybody who knew a missionary or who had ever been to Turkey began to drop off. So did the subscriptions. On the threatened fatal date of October 8th there was only half the amount ready to offer the brigands.

Dr. Haskell had returned from Constantinople to Samakov to keep the rendezvous given him by the brigands for this date. They were to come to him for one hundred and ten thousand dollars in gold, to be paid on an order from Miss Stone. But how was the envoy to carry it away? One hundred and ten thousand dollars in gold would weigh as much as two barrels of flour. In their rustic simplicity, the outlaws had doubtless never thought but that it could be put into the pockets of one's trousers.

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Dr. Haskell did not find himself prepared with two barrels of gold coin. In fact, he did not even have a proposition to offer. He wanted to hear from the other side first. Perhaps they would accept less. It is believed that they would have taken a few thousand dollars were it not for the publicity of subscription raising. These modern brigands have an agent in New York. They were kept informed. They hoped to see the whole amount submitted by the fabulously rich American people. But not a brigand appeared to bargain with Dr. Haskell. A message came, however, that the date of execution had been postponed ten days.

The brigands did not receive credit for any especial mercy in extending the time. The ten days passed by without any fears for the captives on that score. If they were killed, they would be a dead loss to the robbers.

But in another way the friends of the two women felt uneasy. It is the procedure of brigands to cut off a victim's ear and send it to relatives with a message that the head would follow unless payment be made. The Balkan outlaws observe these conventionalities religiously. A wholesale case was the fate of a punitive expedition sent down from Austria in the seventies. The expedition disappeared. On New Year's Day Emperor Francis Joseph received a present-box from the brigands. Inside he found the ears and noses of his soldiers. However, Miss Stone, being an American woman, and thus inspiring a fear of consequences, runs less risk of such mutilation than her Bulgarian companion, who is not so inviolable. But still the horrible possibility haunts the friends of these two women by day and by night.

So far the efforts of Mr. Dickinson, our representative at Sofia, have been most discouraging in their results. The Turkish government pleaded the doubt as to the nationality of the brigands, and argued that the missionaries should have asked for an escort of soldiers before risking such a journey. But the missionaries had considered the mountains quite safe, and for some time past they have never thought of requesting escorts. The Bulgarian government protested that it had done everything possible, and pointed out that it could not be held for a crime committed in Turkey. It promised active pursuit whenever the brigands should appear on Bulgarian territory. It was loath, however, to indorse any negotiations on a ransom basis. Both governments seemed more concerned in the punishment of the culprits than in the rescue of the captives. The Bulgarian Minister of Foreign Affairs resented any reference to any Macedonian Committee being implicated. And with this potent name of Macedonian Committee the complications begin. Our representative felt its insidious power at every turn. He found himself dealing, not with a crime of vulgar ruffians, but with a thing of startling and far-reaching political significance. Behind lurked this Macedonian Committee, more powerful than the Bulgarian Government, doubtless a power in which the Bulgarian Government is comprised as a mere ramification.

Now the Macedonian Committee has for its object a noble labor. It would free Macedonia from Turkey. The farming out of taxes, as in the worst days of Rome, the murdering and flaying alive of peasants, white men of Bulgarian blood, the ravishing of women, the tossing of babes on bayonets—all of these things are happening in Macedonia as you read these lines. Each one of the thousands of refugees in Bulgaria is the living evidence of some such sad story of Turkish anarchy. Except for an annual tribute, Bulgaria has been free since 1877, when Russia fought Turkey, and every Bulgarian wants to see his Bulgarian relatives in Macedonia also free. They dream of the United States of the Balkans. "You need a Bismarck," said an outsider to them. "We had one," was the reply, "and we killed him." The speaker meant Stambouloff, once Prime Minister, who was assassinated in Sofia either by a brigand or by Russia. He had stamped out brigandage, and Prince Ferdinand, the German nobleman employed to draw a salary of five times as much as our President for ruling three million people, remembered the kidnapping of the former prince, Battenburg, who wanted an independent Bulgaria and was *not* a tool of Russia. The murder of him who might have been the Balkan Bismarck is attributed by his subjects to lethargic Prince Ferdinand.

To free Macedonia is every Bulgarian's religion. Hence the Macedonian Committee. For a long while it was dormant, and did not deserve the name of revolutionary. But not many years ago six or seven army

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officers resigned from the Bulgarian army and led armed insurrection into Macedonia. Chief of these was Boris Sarafoff. He passed through miraculous escapes, and came back a hero. He was made president of the inner or Supreme Committee of the Macedonian Committee. He is described as an earnest, honest man. He is also described (Roumanian archives) as daring, ambitious, and unscrupulous. Under him the Macedonian Committee at once became violent, notorious. As a revolutionary machine it was perfect, marvellous. Despite every Turkish precaution it smuggled arms into Macedonia, and continues to do so. For funds it employed blackmail—its own members have admitted that to the writer—but threats and extortion were, according to them, used only against wealthy Bulgarians who would not willingly buy stock. Revolution cannot be handled with kid gloves. But others hold that Sarafoff furnished skeleton keys to his agents, and that the loot went into his and his accomplices' pockets. The missionaries, while in favor of the Macedonian movement, assert that they have proofs absolute that the Committee has kidnapped Miss Stone. The crime was cunningly done on Turkish soil, hence Turkey in the end might have to make good the ransom, and thus furnish money to be used against herself—a joke on the Sultan. But the Committee's friends point out that the Supreme Committee has been reformed, and to this the missionaries agree. But they hold that members of the old Committee, Sarafoff himself, perhaps, are for all that at the bottom of the thing. The new Committee, on the other hand, is generally admitted to be respectable.

The hero Sarafoff was deposed from the presidency in this way. Two political assassinations happened during 1900 in Bukharest, Roumania, where the Committee was extending its propaganda. An alleged spy accused of selling Committee secrets to the Sultan was brained with a hatchet. An eminent professor and writer of articles denouncing the Committee was shot in the back while returning home with his wife and child. The gang of murderers confessed, and swore that they had been ordered to do the deeds by Sarafoff and the Supreme Committee. As members of the General Committee they had sworn blind, unquestioning obedience on a sacred image, a dagger, and a pistol. They also revealed a plot to kill the kings of Roumania and Servia. This was Sarafoff's plan to prevent invasion of Bulgaria on the north when Bulgarians should invade Turkey on the south. Servia had already done that very thing once before. Conviction followed. The absent Sarafoff was sentenced to life imprisonment. The Roumanian Government demanded his trial by the Bulgarian courts and sent on the evidence. It would not, however, send the witnesses. Sarafoff faced a six months' trial in Sofia and was acquitted. Since then he has disappeared. His friends say that he went to Paris to recuperate, others that he fled to escape arrest because of the Stone affair. The Bulgarian Government, beyond a doubt, was glad to be rid of the embarrassment of his presence. During his six months of trial and imprisonment all the previous blackmailing had ceased. By obvious logic the blame was laid on him. Recognition of the Supreme Committee followed. He is still powerful, and so is the old Committee. And the Stone affair? When Miss Stone is released, her story will be intensely interesting because of this political mystery alone.

All along the chief difficulty has been to get into communication with the brigands. This has been an exceedingly delicate task. At the slightest suspicious stir the thieves would scurry back to their holes like rats, who steal cautiously toward a cheese and dart away at the sound of a footstep. Accordingly the utmost secrecy has been the policy wherever possible, especially since a false move might cost the captives their lives. The robbers would kill the two women if once they thought themselves betrayed or hard pressed. The missionaries at the different missions have contrived a cipher code especially for this affair. An order of a certain number of hymn books might mean that the ransom had been reduced or raised to such or such a figure, etc., etc. This code, by the way, has proved safer than our consular or diplomatic messages on the question.

Another difficulty is, how are the brigands with their captives and Consul-General Dickinson with two barrels of money going to meet and effect the exchange? Neither party will trust the other. The brigands for their part are quite capable of delivering their captives dead once they receive the money. This would eliminate the fu-

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ture danger of identification. With her knowledge of the language and the people, Miss Stone would be able to tell where her captors hailed from, and perhaps who they were. If the Macedonian Committee be really implicated, then its entire cause would hang in the balance. The death of two women would count for nothing at all. The only way for both sides appears to be to transact the exchange simultaneously, and yet without either party to the transaction being in the power of the other. The difficulties involved are enormous. The conditions to be realized are well-nigh impossible.

Some slight communication with the brigands was achieved the last of October. Different messengers acting either for the State Department or the correspondents or the Russian diplomatic agent came in and reported variously that the captives were safe and well. On the strength of this, Mr. Dickinson was anxious to negotiate. He left Sofia for Samakov. The brigands and their captives were in the mountains, within a half hour of Samakov. Their agent was to come to Dr. Haskell's house. The prefect of police meant to capture the agent, and to do this he had all the lights on the street extinguished and spies set to guard the house. The agent did not come. Mr. Dickinson protested to the prefect, who then abandoned his precautions. Thereupon the agent appeared, and the bargain was struck. Miss Stone was to be delivered Tuesday, November 5th, in Sofia. Mr. Dickinson and the correspondents returned to Sofia to receive her. But the brigands took fright from some news of the affair that had leaked out. They fled toward Macedonia with the two women. Thus the thread of communication was again broken. But since then a letter has come from Miss Stone. They are still alive and well. But any definiteness as to when they can be rescued is as far distant as at any time since their capture.

And as ever, the feeling persists that, after all, they may be dead. Three or four cases are at hand of hostages who died shortly after being ransomed. A celebrated instance is the descent on the Macedonian village of Florina about ten years ago. The governor of the place was holding a dinner party. Several of his guests were intercepted *en route* by the brigands. Then the brigands swept down upon the town and carried off the governor and all the notables, besides the policemen. They afterward sent the policemen back with demands for ransom. Immediately five thousand troops started in pursuit. Once they searched a house where they knew positively that the governor had been hidden, but search as they might, they could not find him. Yet from a secret cellar he could hear his would-be rescuers. One brigand stood over him with a knife, lest he should call out. He had been taken down there through a hidden shaft in the wall. Later the brigands sold him to another band, and this band subsequently realized on him. But he died soon afterward from the hardships endured.

Now that snow has fallen in the mountains, when brigands usually retire to villages for respectable citizenship during the winter, it is hoped that those holding Miss Stone will hasten the negotiations. Otherwise they may keep her in a cave till springtime. Or, again, harrowed by pursuit and rendered irritable by their own discomforts and perils, they may decide to end it, that is, kill and escape.

THE LOVES OF PROSPER.

By Katharine Holland Brown.

THE one fitting *rôle* for Prosper the Beautiful was that of the foremost horseman on the frieze of the Parthenon. Every line of his pliant body, every curve of his exquisite face, mirrored the grave, pure calm of the boy cavalier, leading his troop in the Panathenaic procession. He should have gone robed in a milk-white tunic, bordered with stripes of violet, his sandals laced with cords of gold, his unbound hair a bronze radiance beneath the pale Attic sky. Instead, alas, he clothed

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himself in blue duck and flat-soled yellow shoes; and he permitted the St. Ignace barber to snip those hyacinthine locks into a loathly mass of parted flatness. Yet no incongruities of garb could mar the pearl shadows of cheek and chin, the sweep of his appealing lashes, the liquid sapphire of his deep eyes. The seal of Aphrodite was upon his every movement.

It is not given unto man to possess the sum of all the virtues. One grieves to confess that Prosper fell so far below the measure of his beauty as to be disgracefully lazy and an arrant flirt. From Bois Blanc to Manitoulin, his sway was undisputed. Not a maiden but wooed him in her inmost heart, even while she railed and reviled him with her tongue. Prosper knew his name as a cruel gallant, and he cherished it as a man cherishes a reputation for evil-doing, in the most part undeserved. For Prosper's mischief never went far. He would take a maiden sailing of a full-moon night; he would bring her amazing sugar fruits, veiled in a mist of lace-paper ruffles; he would dance with her seventeen times, sans intermission, at the Fort ball, on St. John's Eve: then, even as the village held its breath for the calling of the bans, he would gayly shake his bridle rein, or, to be accurate, his tiller rope, and sail to conquests new.

Even to us, the middle-aged guests of the hotel, his charm was irresistible. His dusting was sketchy, his fires never burned, his memory for errands faded before he reached the end of the corridor; but there were mundane hall-boys, to whom one might intrust one's more sordid needs; and who would not endure a half-hour's chill for the joy of seeing him rekindle that fire? He knelt with the grace of Narcissus at the brook, his slim brown hands fluttering over the flame; his sculptured face uplifted like a dark perfect flower; his eyes brimmed with melancholy shadows: his voice trembled over jewelled cadences, a rosary of sound. He would intone the places of interest on the Island, "De Arch Rock, de Manibojou, de Kitchen of de Ole Nick," like a wan young priest musing through his ritual. To sympathetic queries as to his life at the hotel, "Oh, b'en, Madame, it is all well 'nough. We is nossing but foreigner, egsile, *comprenez-vous?* It is of good 'nough for us that we fin' anysing to do, anysing 'tall, w'ich will keep us living. 'Course it is ver' lonesome; but what can we expec'? Ah, *merci, beaucoup*, Madame." After which he would wander down to the kitchen, and remark, still fingering the coin in his palm, "The lady in 41, ye-es, she is ver' nize person; but she is dat easy impress—Hélas! I can't bear tink what may become of her."

At twenty-six, Prosper wore the maiden hearts of Mackinac as his Chippewa grandfather had worn scalps, a grievous girdle. At nineteen, his coquetry had not been severely criticised; perhaps his blood was a defence. According to Big Alec, his uncle, "When you mix French nicky an' Injun tricky, an' then tuck in some Irish tong', you is jus' as well give up in beginning, Madame; nossing is goin' stand out 'gainst that breed." But as the years went on, and he still spread devastation, he came to be regarded darkly as a dangerous character. His crowning iniquity was the breaking of his engagement with Alixe Drouet, a shy blossom of a girl, from over St. Ignace. Alixe, poor child, swallowed all his honeyed vows, and made herself an outfit which was the marvel of the whole coast. Two weeks before the wedding-day Prosper discovered another siren, Miss Kitty McCarty, up Les Cheneaux, and steered his craft east of the strait instead of across it. Whereupon Alixe locked her box of gowns in an unused room, flung the key into the lake, and strove to fling herself after it. Only by flight did Prosper escape the thrashings he deserved; and public indignation did not abate, even when Alixe unlocked her trousseau six months later, for use in her wedding to one Cubels, a sturdy Mainland merchant. By that time Prosper was fluttering about a mature widow, of aboriginal forbears and of debatable charm, but possessed, so shouted Rumor, of wealth untold. She was recently come to the Island, and it was current report that she did laundry work purely as a means of recreation, and to divert her mind from her recent bereavement. Prosper set himself to further her diversion, with such success that their wedding was almost coincident with that of Alixe and her merchant.

"Yes, Madame, Prosper is marry' at las'," remarked Jeanne, as she lit my fire. "An' thees time it is wat you call t'orough; vraiment, it is ver' t'orough. Prosper, he will not do no more court'."

Her voice sank as though Prosper's wedding bells had rung a requiem.

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"Doesn't his wife treat him well?"

"Treat him well? Madame, she is treat 'im aix'lent; that is to say, aix'lent for his sins." Jeanne's heart had preceded Alixe's on the charm string.

I had met Prosper on the beach that morning, accompanied by a husky youth of seventeen, whom he presented, with an air at once paternal and resigned, as "Mine son."

"You mean she wasn't as rich as she pretended to be?"

"Rich? But yes, Madame, it was as the people say. T'ree hundred dollar each year does she have, without that she work for it not at all. It is her husban's money, an' it is leave to her that she bring up these chil'ren. Five there are of those, yes, Madame."

"But when Prosper married her, he thought she had no children."

"That is true, also, Madame. Five there are, as I say, an' they b'long to the husban', him as is dead, an' to his firs' wife, her which is dead also. And Prosper's wife, Melanie, she is sign a paper that she will care for them till they is growed up, an' she is to do the spending of their money for them. Twenty dollar a year is she to have for her trouble."

"And where does Prosper come in?"

"Ah, Madame, if you could make one lil' peek in the kitchen, you would see! He so busy wash' dishes, he has not no time for make the soft eyes any more."

I tried to picture that butterfly in checked denim, stooping over a dishpan. "Perhaps she can force him to work, poor boy; but I don't see how she could break his spirit for flirting."

"Oh, that is *bien* easy, Madame. She is break it 'long wis the tease-it."

"The what?"

"Is'n' you hear 'bout the tease-it what seven of us girls as Prosper use' go with is club togedder an' give him for marriage gif'? It is a mos' bootiful tease-it, wis bands all golden, an' pink sauvage flower' scatter' over, an' so many pieces! They is six plates, an' six cups an' saucers, an' twelve lil' dishes, for to hol' preserves; ah, I is 'spect he fin' all the sweet he ev' give away in these saucer'! We's all begaged or else marry' to somebody else by these time"—Jeanne glanced importantly at the bangle on her round brown wrist—"so we's make one gran' joke of it. Firs' we all come togedder at my houze an' have a lil' supper; then we tie up that tease-it wis ribbons an' pink paper, an' we each takes a bunnle, an' goes up to his cabin. I guess they's marry' prett' near a week then.

"Melanie, she is meet us at the door, an' she bring us in, ver' polite; but I see sparks in her eye, an' I know Prosper wish we's all bottom of the lake. We ain' sit down, 'cause they isn't chairs 'nough; the chil'ren stand look at us like they's eyes fall out, an' we feel ver' funny, though we isn't dare laugh. Bettine Fleury, her turn is come firs'. Prosper, he is betroth' to her, five year back, maybe. She is carry plates.

"'*Bonheur à vous*, Prosper,' she say, 'I is bring you plates for you's table. They isn't the same ones we is buy for our marriage, but they will do ver' well, I tink. May you nev' have to eat you' own words off thees plate', an' may they nev' come home to roost.'

"Prosper, he chin drop down, but he take those plate', an' he hold them like they's eggs. Then Lucie Ronné is march up to him.

"'*Bon jour*, Prosper,' she say, 'I is geev o' you thees lil' tea-pot, for my memory. You isn't want to get the hannle too warm, for she is break' prett' near as easy as you' promises. I hope all you's hot water will stay in that pot where it b'long, Prosper.'

"Nex' is my turn. My heart come bump up in my throat, an' I so full of laugh I can't say nossing, so I jus' sticks the cream-pitcher into his han' an' runs off. Alixe, she comes nex', an' she worse rattle' than me. She put down her preserve plates, an' clap her hands over her mouth, to keep 'im quiet. But it take that Kitty McCarty to speak herse'f out, big as Fazzer Antoine, an' cool as a church.

"'Give you greeting, Prosper,' she say. 'Here is the cups for you' new houze. 'Long as you makes you' home happy, may you drink wine an' honey wis a diamond spoon; but soon's you begin cock you' eye again, may you sip sorrow wis a spoon of grief.'

"'Is I understand you ladies geev' these as marriage gif'?' ask Melanie. They is w'ite streaks comin' roun' her mouth, an' I begin wish I's home.

"'Yes ma'am,' says Kitty, tippin' her head back far's it would go.

"'Then I thank you for my share of

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them. 'Course I is entitle' to half, for I's the bride. But I will geev' my share to him, since you are his special friend'. Thank you once more, ladies.'

"Then we see, Madame, that it is time we depart, an' indeed we do so, ver' quick. What is happen after—well, it's jus' as fort'nate we don' stay.

"Melanie, she is send the chil'ren away, an' she shut the door. Prosper, he go back to his churnin', an' prett' soon he say, 'Well, you kin see they is all in love wis me yet. Think of they buyin' me all thees dish!'

"'Yes,' Melanie tol' him; 'an' we ain' through wis thees dish' yet. What you goin' do 'bout it?'

"'What you s'pose I goin' do? I is goin' call on them an' thank them,' he tell her.

"'Is you sure of that, Prosper?'

"'I guess I's sure that I ain' goin' stop at home wis you all the time,' he say. An' that, Madame, is where he let the soup boil over.

"'If that is true, you will thank them for yourself alone, for I will now give them all up to you, *entièrement*.' An' she let fly wis a tea-cup.

"'Stop that!' he holler, but it take him square in the face. An' then they comes anozzer, an' anozzer, t'ump, crash! He keep screech an' dodge an' jump, but she is lock the houze door, an' he ain't no time for get out a winder. He run an' dodge an' yell, an' smash, bang! those cups an' plates an' dishes, they come clatter after him. 'Course, it is not for long till they is all gone, 'ceptin' the teapot. But by that time Prosper he is scare' till he shake all over.

"'Now, Prosper,' she say, 'is you goin' stay at home, or shall I break this teapot?'

"Prosper, he try dodge, but she bring it down, bump! on he head, an'—oh, 'course, Madame, you can't say 'bout those tings. Maybe it happen like they tell me, maybe not. But they is one ting ver' sure; those mens what is do the mos' flirtin' is always the ones what kin do the mos' runnin', once they tink they's scare'. An' they do say that Prosper is gone down on he knees an' promise he ain' goin' flirt no more, never, wis nobody. *Bien*, Melanie, she puts the teapot on the shelf. The hannle is broke', but the res' is all right. 'We keep thees right here, Prosper,' she say, 'an' if it is necessaire, I presume we fin' plenty more hot water in it. You isn't to forget that, Prosper.'

"*Bien*, Madame, that poor Prosper is all over bump' an' bruises, an' what's more, she is terr'fy all the mischief out of him. That is mos' a year past, an' he ain' look at another girl since. Ah, yes, I have been tell that he like to, but what is he goin' do? That pot, she is on the shelf yet; an' hannle or no hannle, Melanie ain' goin' be 'fraid to pour.''

TANGLED UP IN BEULAH LAND.

By An Author.

V.—THE SWIRL.

SO Polly and I went out together into the morning.

The dewy brightness of it seemed to obliterate the distance that years had placed between us.

She put her little hand in mine, on the stones in the wet meadow, saying that she would lead me, for she knew them all. And so, through brambly ways, noisy with the early birds that lent their trillets to every spray and bending sweet flag, we climbed the banks and waded through the blooms into aisles of old trees vernally groined and fretted by the early architect of sunrise, and suddenly stood on the edge of The Swirl.

Once in that unpremeditated walk we came upon a rug woven of star mosses and cryptogamous threads in Persian brightness, and spread in cushiony pile round a tulip tree that canopied it with protective sprawl, and I turned to look back at the American château poking its dormers and chimneys out of the near green perspective, and tipped here and there, like a Damascus

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kiosk, with the glittering old gold of the morning.

In that glancing retrospect I must have given way to the necromancy of it impotently. There lay the fairy mansion, softly wrapped in the illusion of the hour, wholly out of the world of work-a-day stress; and having passed its portals and seen the sleeping beauty, I felt like the tired worker who throws himself upon a couch and gives way to the sweet beguilement of his own fancy.

From this nepenthe of the senses I was whisked back by Polly, under the tulip tree, holding her skirt deftly lifted, her buckled shoes almost hid in the cushiony rug.

"This was certainly laid to be danced on," she said. "I never come here myself without feeling its appeal to my toes."

And with that she began to pirouette, her gray stockings twinkling over the green moss, as you may have seen a pair of butterflies flit and flutter across an everglade.

While I was indulgently regarding this picturesque impulse, gone off like a cadenza in the middle of a duet, she caught me by the hand and pulled me upon the enchanted tapestry, saying, "You must remember some steps of a gavotte. It goes like this, doesn't it?"

Whereupon she began to whistle some kind of a quaint improvised air, stepping out with inimitable mock courtesy, and I handing her about with an impromptu ceremoniousness that, now I think of it, was very absurd.

These wayward moments are lapses into a primitive and healthy spontaneity, and I suppose all men experience at some time the delicious youthful retrocession when they let go of themselves and sit for hours at the feet of Scheherazade. The filaments that lead us are very fine. A couplet, a stave of fugitive music, an act of the romantic play, a wandering odor, a confidential fairy in a chip hat and buckled shoes—and away we go from the beaten track into the old labyrinths, sunny and tangled, where at some time we sported with a divine listlessness.

It is no use trying to outgrow the souvenirs of the heart. They are not hung like fading pictures on the walls of our memory. They are imbedded like fossils in the crystal tissues of our lives, and they come to light at the touch of passing showers or the disintegrating finger of time itself. But we never think of this till afterward, when the witch-light has gone out and the stark facts of existence look at us from the shelves where we have arranged them.

Such an improvised picture as Polly had made was as fluctuant as the images on a running stream. She could be Bayadère or Maintenon only in flashes; and to whistle was to start from every pensile branch about us a new tumult of shrill protest, that made her strike an attitude of frolicsome astonishment, and put her hand over her mouth as if she had tumbled inadvertently in among all the strings of the outdoor instrument. We both drew ourselves up into laughing statues, and then went on to The Swirl.

By this time Polly had prepared my indolence to accept any illusion at her sportive beck. She had but to crook her arm or toss her head, and it should be Helicon or the Fountain of Youth. It is so comfortable to give over your volition and be wafted by Caprice.

But no perennial river of song in Macedonia, or in the mirage that beckoned to Ponce de Leon, could, I feel sure, so outleap the fancies with affluent reality as did the Juniata at The Swirl. Of all the capers of the protean stream, none could be so whelmingly sleek and copious as this. It came sinuously through slanting meadows, roistering over stones to a great deep pool, and then pouring over the ledge, that could not restrain it, turned in a short curve, and came smoothly and silently down to us in a great glassy, sherry-brown volume, scarcely broken by a ripple, and flecked only by spots of foam; holding its breath, as one might say, as it slid between the limestone sluiceway to break out exultingly in the wider pool below with sudden and pleasant glee. A little distance up the bank, at the first pool, there was a summer-house, pagoda-fashioned, so close to the water that its lattices were duplicated below, and when I expressed some surprise at finding it so conveniently poised over the still waters, not unlike a heron with its wings folded, Polly informed me that it was a bath-house; and I learned that the nymphs here partly disrobed, and flinging themselves into the little lake went unresistingly over the spillway, into the sliding stream and down the sluice, to be tossed into the foam below, where, I could easily imagine, there would be much flashing of white limbs in "dolphin tumults," mingled with blithe laughter.

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It was there at The Swirl that I began the most extraordinary flirtation of my life. Extraordinary in that it was divested of all the dangers that usually accompany such a performance. Polly seemed bent on presenting to me her volatile nature in its entirety, and managing with rare unconsciousness to identify it with the aspects of vernal nature around her. But I felt the protection of a certain incongruity in it, and thought there was no more danger of my falling in love with her at my age than of falling into the Juniata, upon whose grassy banks we sat and discoursed; and had either accident happened, I should probably have regained my footing, and after shaking myself, as became an experienced man of the world, would have gone back from the episode to my tramway of propriety. But nevertheless I was wheedled into a pleasant admiration of the unceremonious and ingenuous girl, that may have been as æsthetic as it is possible for one's emotions to become without quite arriving at the voluptuous.

We sat there on the step of the rustic pagoda, and as she chattered aimlessly but interestingly, I wondered if the charm of sprightliness and guilelessness would make the same appeal to an inexperienced young man that it did to me.

One gives way supinely to an authority of graciousness, especially when it is sportive. This minx had had her own way without protest. My own plans, whatever they were, had somehow been softly superseded. I had promised myself a confidential consultation with the doctor, and there I was, whipped off at the start most aimlessly, sitting on the bank, with new and unexpected confidences opening to me as my companion threw buttercups into the stream to see them glide away like receding spots of sunshine.

But why should I hesitate to declare that the way of a man of fifty with a maid differs widely from the way of a man of nineteen? It is generally held by the world (and universally acted upon by the maids themselves, I believe) that the man of fifty is altogether more susceptible; and while I am not prepared to deny it, I shall insist to my latest breath that the man of fifty keeps one eye open on his own susceptibilities, which the man of nineteen never does.

What, I asked myself, in a running aside, as I watched the buttercups one after the other go the same way and lose themselves in the voiceless torrent—what is the way of a *maid* with a man of fifty? Why should she make it apparent that she had gone out of her way to touch my susceptibilities? Why should she insist on going off with me before I was fairly domiciled, and dancing a gavotte with me before the dew was off? Were there no beds to make or rooms to be aired? Was it part of the understood policy of the establishment to beguile the fathers who had sons, so that the Princess would be undisturbed in her fascinating?

I think Polly had an instinctive sense that a man of my age was liable to consider, for she had a way of darting in and out of the conversation as if she wished to prevent it; and even a man of fifty, thus warned, feels that it is somewhat impertinent to consider—very much, in fact, it appears at such times like analyzing a woman's dress.

"Well," she said suddenly, "we are not going to sit here all the morning, are we?"

I think she felt that she was better protected when she was in motion, so up she jumps with a pretty little impatience.

"There's the neighborhood, you know. Aren't you interested in the place?"

"Are there, then, really neighbors?" I asked.

"Heaps," she replied, following it with a quick look, as if she might have inadvertently dropped a clew of *patois*. "I mean lots," she added.

"Lots?" I repeated, trying to fix the word to its proper geographical origin.

"Well, piles."

And having heaped each absurd colloquialism on the other, she fell to laughing at my inability to sort them.

"I suppose," she said, "you thought we kept neighbors off with acres. I suppose the Doctor did intend to, but it doesn't work. When I first came here I felt just as you do. I used to look out my window in the morning and scream for Boylston to come and do something human, and he often came and performed on the hoe or a wheelbarrow just to relieve my mind. So much nature was like those hideous hoop-skirts the women used to wear, it kept everybody at arm's length. But, dear me, I soon found out what a goose I was. There are neighbors hiding in all the woods and hills. Over near The Clove there's the Big Game Hunting Club from New York. Up on the slope of the Black Log spur, there's the

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Juniata Valley camp. Then there's the Philadelphia Trout Club's house on The Sprawl. Are you good at walking?—because, if you are, I'm going to ask you to climb the side of The Clove some day with me, just to smell the rose-fields in Perry County when the wind is sou' by sou'east. You'd think there wasn't a man within gunshot, wouldn't you?—I mean an eligible man."

"Yes, I was falling into that pleasing fantasy—or perhaps it was a hope that the country produced nothing but girls. It would certainly be more consistent on the part of the country."

She slipped her arm into mine, and as we walked along the bank of the stream imparted a secret.

"I'll tell you something mysterious," she said, "if you will promise not to mention it."

"On my sacred word and honor," I replied.

"Io has the power of conjuring men out of the earth. It's the funniest thing you ever saw. When we go off for a gallop together along the Tuskaloo Pike, they rise out of the ground in knickerbockers and slip out of the woods in hunting jackets, and come tearing along on horseback with their hats in their hands. I have tried it alone in all kinds of ribbons, and whistled and yodled, but not a man turned up. Why, sometimes there are so many horses hitched at our fence that people must think there's a vendue."

Then my Mistress Caprice fell to laughing, and having renewed her breath by that operation, went on:

"When the Keystone State Trout Club built their bungalow, they made the Doctor honorary member; and when the Big Game fellows had their park and clubhouse finished, they met Io on the road one day, and then they stopped fishing and put in a grand piano and a harp and mandolins and things, and then wanted the Doctor to become one of the directors, and sent a deputation in fine clothes to wait on him and ask him if he had anybody who knew anything about pianos. Now, if there is anything the Doctor hates, it's sport. He hates it almost as much as he does subterfuge."

"What did the Doctor say to the disinterested request?"

"He just said, 'Tush, tush, boys,' and went on smoking his briarwood pipe. Don't *you* want to smoke? Gentlemen usually do when they walk, and they seem to be more at ease when they do."

"That is Heaven's truth, Bob, but I came off without my cigar-case."

"Wait a moment. I took one of the cigars as I came out of the hall. I suppose I've smashed it all to smithereens. No. Here it is," producing the article from a little pocket, along with a square pad of handkerchief, two or three curl papers, and some half-melted peppermints.

"Of course you haven't a match. Let me light it."

"Wait a moment," I said, "till I get the peppermint off."

And then up went one buckled shoe, a little detonation on the sole of it, and she was holding the match to the cigar in my mouth, while I made stertorous efforts to do my part, and noticed what a pretty little hand she had, and how daintily her little finger stood out like the curlicue at the end of a girl's signature.

"Now you feel more comfortable, don't you?"

"Bob," I said, "if you don't supervise it too much, my comfort will just amble along disinterestedly like yours."

At that she drew in her under lip quickly and looked up. She was trying to catch the exact import of my remark, and drew her arm away, saying:

"I'm too familiar on short acquaintance. I know it, and it isn't becoming."

"On the contrary, it is one of the several delightful things that I admire in you," I said, replacing her arm. "I especially like a girl who knows how to whistle a gavotte. I'll wager she is old-fashioned enough to say her prayers and eat raspberry jam on bread, and sing Auber and Donizetti without a shrink. Do you know, your familiarity puts me in mind of sweet briar in an antique vase. It always seems to be trying to get out and can't."

"Usually it is so tedious, when one is making the first visit, to get to be sociable," she remarked. "It's like going to hear a brilliant preacher, and having to undergo a tedious service first. You sing standing up, and then you sing sitting down, and then somebody offers you part of his hymn-book, and you hold fast to it and keep your mouth shut for fear he will smell the peppermint."

"Well, Bob," I said, with a laugh, "I have to thank you for coming at the sermon

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directly. Haven't you noticed how completely I have avoided the bashfulness and awkwardness that usually make men of my age so formal and stiff?"

"You wouldn't like to run me a race to those hay ricks, would you, just for the fun of it?"

"No," I said, after considering the proposition. "If some of the field hands or sportsmen should see me chasing you, they might shoot me before the situation was explained."

It must have been an hour or two later when we came suddenly upon the little river again, now brawling with shallow merriment over a sandy bar, between green sloping banks, dotted here and there on the other side with sleek, sleepy cows that regarded us with an almost cultivated superiority. Across the dry meadow and in among the alders and gums there glinted the white clapboards of a house. Polly was suddenly seized with an irrepressible desire to be on the other side. She was sure Io and Charlie, if they had gone off for a gallop, would stop at The Lodge, as she called it.

"Dear me," she said, "why didn't we cross at the bridge two miles below, and come up on the other side? Would you mind wading over? I don't think anything of it. It isn't over one's ankles. Of course it's perfectly ridiculous—men at your age don't wade."

I listened to this challenge with such mature bravado as I could summon. Had I been young and not yet beyond the habitual idiocy of wading and climbing and sprinting with no conceivable purpose, I should no doubt have disdainfully laughed at her proposal as an altogether superfluous test of acknowledged hardihood. But a man at my age has to reckon with a mature vanity that cannot be trifled with, and be ready to authenticate his perennial youth and brawn at the slightest provocation.

"Bob," I said, "why should we both wade when I can carry you over?"

Such a self-confident assertion I felt sure would quench her recklessness effectually. To my surprise she said promptly:

"Will you?"

I sat down on the grass and began untying my heavy shoes and getting my trousers rolled up. "I certainly will," I said, "unless you escape me."

She was poised on one foot, not ten feet away, in involuntary suspense between flight and astonishment—a fine feminine astonishment that anybody could have the hardihood to take her at her word.

"I'm heavier than you think," she said.

"Perhaps," I replied with grim complacency, as I looked at my stockened feet. "But I am stronger than you imagine."

She was a gamey girl, after all. She let me pick her up in my two arms, and I walked into the water, carrying her nurse fashion, her little buckled shoes hanging down pendulously. The stretch of shallows was only thirty-five or forty feet wide; a clear, sandy reach with a ten or twelve-inch film of sweet water racing over it, and if I did not step into a hole, or run a flint through my foot, I would deposit my burden on the opposite bank as triumphantly indifferent as if my life had been in training for it. But before I was half-way across I became aware that my burden was quite a hundred and thirty-five pounds avoirdupois, and I was wondering to myself where these airy creatures hide all their solidity, when she said:

"What do you suppose people would think if they saw you carrying me about the country in this fashion?"

"If you don't keep still," I panted, "I'll drop you in the middle of the stream. This is getting serious."

And at that her free arm went round my neck rather tightly I thought.

"You can't," she cried. "I'm going to hang on to you like grim death. Heavens! Wait a moment."

"What's the matter?"

"You're not a Baptist preacher, are you?"

"No, but I will be if you don't keep still."

"I am trying to make myself light."

"That's all right. But when I am trying to get you over one shallow stream it isn't fair to add another. Besides, you are choking me."

"What do you suppose Charlie would say?" she continued; "and I haven't known you twenty-four hours. Don't you think you had better take me back again? It's becoming awfully scandalous."

Then she gurgled, or perhaps it was the water running through my ankles. I did not at the moment stop to investigate it closely. There were ten feet more of wading to do, and as I stepped out for the bank, Charlie and Io rode soberly out of the trees, and drew up in very allowable astonishment at the spectacle.

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Io's first impression was that Polly was drowned, and that I was dragging her ashore like a retriever, so the beauty gave a shrill gasp; but when I had set my burden down on the bank, it jumped to its feet and declared that it was as dry as the Doctor's best wine, to which I could only add exultingly, "and just as full of life."

This was literally true, and all the more obvious just at that moment, for the reason that the two equestrians were doing the dismally formal and exemplary polite, as if in mortal dread of each other, while I had just had Polly's arm around my neck.

When my entirely proper son had somewhat recovered from the astonishment that the parental bare legs had occasioned, he slipped off his horse, and pulling me aside, said:

"Look here, Dad, for a man that lays some claim to gout, isn't this rather foolhardy business? I don't want you to die on my hands down here."

"Don't be a fastidious ninny," I said, "but ride over there and bring my shoes across. Meanwhile I'll go and dance in that warm grass and dry myself. Come on, Bob, how does that gavotte go?"

The charm of such a girl as Polly is that you never have to explain anything, much less excuse anything; and I now recall the picture of Charlie standing by the mounted Io, with one hand on the saddle and the other holding my shoes, as he and his companion looked pensively over to the hot clover, where Polly and I were trying to execute a wild minuet, she whistling like a meadow thrush.

If age has its tender retrospects, why deny to youth and hot blood its tender perspectives and the privilege of saying to itself, "Oh, for the far-away times when we can be old and gay without bothering, and the skies will be bluer than they ever were before."

It was evident enough that Io looked upon the performance with much less concern than did Charlie. She sat her horse with the constant responsibility of being carved to do it. A suspicion stole over me then for the first time that for her to be deeply interested in anything would disturb her beauty.

They both watched us a few moments with indulgent composure, and then Polly told them that they need not wait—we were going on to The Lodge. She even added that we might be back to dinner if nothing happened. They rode away with much dignity, Charlie looking back several times as if there were some doubts in his mind as to who had the best of it.

After that incident Polly and I were on a new footing of intimacy. I suppose that this kind of acquaintanceship has its first kiss, like young love, and then things get along with a tacit understanding. We went to The Lodge, so called on account of the wigwam that had preceded it in colonial history. There we obtained bowls of yellow milk with chunks of apple pie in it, for tiffin, and sitting on a wooden bench, Polly and I ate our lunch as children do porridge; that is, with the savage zest of hunger, and she said:

"I know what you are thinking about. You are pitying the man who will have to carry me for keeps."

"Now you mention it," I replied, "it will be a task if you always want to get on the other side of things. I fancy the man who undertakes it will be like that devotee who is always singing 'There is one wide river to cross.'"

"Oh, that's the Jordan. It wouldn't be such a bugaboo if there were men like you about to carry folks over. I suppose you think I am a very disagreeable person by this time."

"I haven't quite made up my mind. And yet I feel quite confident that you are not such a difficult person to carry."

"But I am not so light as you thought me."

"Oh, a mere feather-weight to a man of resolution, and then your conversation always relieves your specific gravity."

"Oh, I can be serious and painful and mean like other people. You don't know me. I hope you don't think I would act so recklessly with a young man."

"My dear," I said, "you are over-confident. You never can tell from appearances just how young a man is. Some men conceal their youth till they come to a river."

"Don't say that. Somehow I thought that you were a man with whom it wasn't necessary to be careful and laced up, and it was such a luxury to meet a man who was without any perils—who could eat milk and pie as you do. Wait a moment and I will get you a napkin."

Dear little midge, she vanished a mo-

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ment, came back with a towel that she tucked into my shirt-front, and then stood off to look at it as if it were a study in still life, and clapped her hands and said:

"You ought to have somebody to keep an eye on you all the time. Fancy a man dropping milk on his coat like that, when he is talking earnestly."

To "have an eye on you"—and such an eye—is, I suppose, one of the vain ideals of a mature life. And if the eye isn't literally on you all the time, to feel that it is somewhere in the immediate vicinity, liable to light on you suddenly and straighten out things, must be one of the premonitions of dotage. I wonder if it is.

The world is basely ignorant of the noble virtues of dotage. It mistakes the last development of sensibility for sentimentalism and overgrown selfishness. But the first shoots of the grandfather instinct in a man are quite as beautiful in their way as are the first shoots of maternity in a woman, and altogether less selfish. The next time you get the chance, watch the old man with his first grandchild, and compare his tender solicitude and wholly disinterested self-sacrifice with his earlier parental conduct, when he was presented with a child of his own. I think you will recall his airs of proprietorship and severity of fatherhood as something preposterous and overweening by the side of his later gentleness and love for what is another's.

But to return to our milk and pie.

"Bob," I said, wiping my mouth with the end of the towel, "you are a jolly good girl, and whenever you find a man strong enough to carry you over without complaining, I want to be on the bank and dance a gavotte with you before you get your arm round his neck for keeps."

"That's very nice," she exclaimed. "And I'd be pretty sure to get the other arm around your neck. But you mean marriage, and I am the traditional church mouse and must work for my living. Nobody will want to carry me around."

"You speak as if working for your living were a disgrace."

"Yes, I have found that some persons think so. I didn't know it before."

"They must be very narrow and bigoted persons. All labor is worthy in the worthy worker."

"It's awfully good of you to say that. It sounds so fatherly. I'll try and remember it. There comes Boylston with a team."

"Do you suppose he is coming for us?"

"Sure. Charlie did not know what would happen to you if he left you alone with me too long."

"You are right," I said, as I got up. "I don't know myself."

(To be continued.)

OLD AND NEW.

By William Francis Barnard.

IT was the death hour of the dying Year—
A voice from out the silence spake to me:
"I brought thee days; what shall I have from thee
For honor, when I rest upon my bier?
Thou hast been prey of weakness: halting fear,
Wild aims, and folly—little else I see;
Art thou that life with spirit strong and free,
Which hailed me coming? Lo, my end is near!"
Just then joy-bells rang out on every side,
And with brave sound thrilled all the echoes through:
New hopes, new strength, and inspiration new
Arose within me, and a noble pride.
The white Year called, "Thou mayest yet be true!"
And looked compassionately as he died.

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"HIS YEAR'S WORK AND SOLE INCOME."

COTTON-PICKING TIME IN THE SOUTH.

By Anne Hobson.

Illustrated by A. B. Frost.

"'WHIN DE 'POSSUM HANG HISSEF BY DE TAIL.'"

OCTOBER and cotton-pickin' time in the South; the time of the year when scarlet Christmas berries hang themselves in graceful festoons all about the fields and bushes, when muscadines and fox grapes fill the woods with fragrance, and golden rod and black-eyed Susans throw their yellow-coated armies against each other for the supremacy of the fields, and look with haughty disdain upon the humble little daisies and asters that grow in clusters around their feet; the time when "little niggers" skirt the fields and hunt along the fences and ditches for may-pops, now yellow and luscious, and little boys love to go deep into the woods for the ripening chinquepins and chestnuts.

Summer is loath to depart, and amuses herself with playing hide-and-seek with Autumn, who has already turned the corner and come in sight with his gay heraldries, though only fleeting glimpses of his red and yellow coat can be caught in and out among the gums and maples as we see him approaching with his gaudy train. Nearer and nearer he comes, and already we feel his breath upon our cheek. We see the leaves fall down and spread a carpet for his feet. The tall yellowing hickories send down their brown-clad messengers to make obeisance, as if imploring gentle treatment at his hands. From the fields and woods the note of dove and whirr of partridge sound forth in welcome, while many merry-throated songsters flutter and chirp about as if to prove their loyalty, and cover up the disgrace of their faint-hearted companions who have quailed at the first chilling touch and flown away. There is an uncanny feeling in the air. Signs of change on all nature; a subtle uncertainty and elusiveness hangs over everything.

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At twilight we sit without and listen to the sounds of the evening. There are crickets chirping under the step; we hear the milkman calling up the cows from the pasture; the barking of a lonely dog in the distance, then the dull thud of wood as it is brought in and heaped up for the fires of the evening.

A whip-poor-will calls in deep distress from the woods, and saucy Bob White answers back in gay derision. Far away in the still distance some one is calling to the pigs, and the weird echo comes to us, "Whoo-o-o-p pig, whoo-o-o-p pig, pig, pig!" It has a lonely, far-away sound in the evening air. Then the winding of the hunter's horn is heard through the woods, the yelp of hounds, and the echo of galloping horses, as they round the hill and are off.

"THE MILKMAN CALLING UP THE COWS."

Then all is quiet. We sit very still, and a gentle melancholy creeps over us. Then we shudder in the frosty air, and say, "Fall is here." But lo! the next morning we rub our eyes and search for him, but he is gone—he has slipped away in the night. We look without and there lies Summer napping in the lazy October sunshine on the leafy couch which she has beguiled from Autumn by her soft smiles and caresses.

The fields are white with the opening cotton that fearlessly spreads its riches out beneath the open sky; and the pines skirting the fields in the distance stand proudly like sentinels guarding this great wealth of the Southland.

From far and near come snatches of "fiel' songs" from the cotton pickers bending low over the fleece-laden stalks, picking for "fifty cents er hunderd"; the ambitious doing their utmost to pass the hundred mark "'fo' dark," and the free-and-easy, happy-go-lucky ones taking time every now and then to sit in the shade and rest, or go down to the branch for a drink of water, hoping to make up for lost time by throwing in a boll every now and then with the cotton, or sprinkling that in the bottom of the basket with water to increase the weight. Thus from "first light" till dark they pick on, only stopping when the sweep sounds twelve o'clock for "han's" to stop off for dinner.

As "ole Unk Asberry" said, "Cotton pickin' sho duz 'gree wid er nigger. Jis seems lak it cum nachul, 'tain' no trouble 'tall. Er nigger jis seems ter tek ter cotton pickin' lak er 'possum duz ter 'simmons arter fros' fall.

"Jis yer show me er nigger whut doan lub ter chop cotton, en pick cotton, en I gwine be 'spichus er dat rascal sho es yer bawn. Laws er massy! how I rolls outen de baid en rubs mah eyes whin I hears de sweep knock in de mawnin' 'fo' day fer de han's ter go ter de fiel'.

"Everything looks right quare at fus, sorter lonesum lak. Dem blame roosters wid dey impertent crowin', en de jew all ober everything, en de mockin' buds jis 'ginnin' ter wake up in de trees, en de cows all er stannin' 'roun' shibberin', en ole Si's yaller dog er barkin' down ter de cabbin in de bottom. Er nigger sorter feel lak he's

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"THE FIELDS ARE WHITE WITH THE OPENING COTTON."

cummin' throu' er graveyard on er rainy night. But 'fo' yer knows it, hyar cum de sun er peepin' throu' de clouds kinder shy lak at fus, en I say, 'Ork-or, Mr. Sun, yo cyan fool dis nigger, I'se dun hed too much sperunce wid yer en yo shy ways. I 'lows yer gwine ter git mighty bole en impertent 'bout twelb erclock.' En sho 'nuff, ef I ain' dun spuk de gorspul, 'tain' nebber been preached frum de pulpit. Bless yo sole, I ain' mo'n got started ter pickin' 'fo' I feels mysef gittin' all het up, en I look up en dar's de ole gintmun in er broad grin, en keepin' pretty familyus comp'ny wid me, gibben me so much 'tention, you'd er tho't I wuz de onliest nigger in dat fiel'.

"Well, de cotton luk so white en shiny wid de jew all over'n hit, en hit feel so saf ter ma fingers, dat 'fo' I knows 't I wuz er pickin' cotton right erlong ter de time uv er brekdown, en singin' jis es fas' ez I cud,

"'New coon in town, new coon in town,
Doan dancer me down, ma darlin',
Doan dancer me down.
Fly roun' ladies, so Mr. Brown,
Fly roun' ladies, so Mr. Brown,

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Doan dancer me down, ma darlin',
Doan dancer me down.'

"Den all on er suddint I koch masef; Lawd hab mussy on my sole! I so 'stonished at masef I didn't know what ter do, en me er alder in de church. I luk 'roun' ter see if anybody'd hyeard me, but ever' one er dem fool niggers wuz er singin' so loud deysebes dey ain' got no time ter lis'en ter dey nabors. 'Wal, sah,' I say ter masef, 'dat woan' nebber do,' en I kinder tun hit off inter 'Sweet Bime-by'; en den I got ter pickin' so fas', an feelin' so Hallalujah lak, dat I lose sight er whut I wuz er singin' altergedder, en whin I wuz just 'bout de een er de row en cum ter er stop, bless dis nigger! ef 'Sweet Bime-by' ain' dun tun inter 'Hop light, ladies. Oh, Miss Lou,' en me not knowin' nuthin' 'tall 'bout 't. But dat's jis de way wid cotton pick-

"'EN FEELS 'EM ALL GETTIN' 'QUAINTED WID ONE 'NUDDER.'"

in', hit jis seems ter keep time mo' better ter reel chunes dan ter himes.

"Arter erwhile I 'gins ter feel er sorter lonesum feelin' down 'bout ma stummick, but I ain' paid no 'tention ter hit, er humerin' er de flesh; en den hit 'gins ter 'sert itsef purty strong, en I luk up at de sun en sez ter masef, 'Hit's 'bout twelb erclock, I specs,' en I ain' mor'n got de wuds out'n ma mouf 'fo' I hears de sweep knock fer dinner.

"Laws er massy, whin I gits ter eatin' dem yaller yams with fresh buttermilk whut ma ole woman done fixed up fer me, en dem cole hoecakes wid de fat meat greese er runnin' out'n 'em, en dat punkin pie ter een up on, I 'low ter masef, 'Unk-unk, dis mos' ez good ez settin' under er shade tree eatin' watermillions in de summer time.' But I allers did say dat de fall er de year beats de yuthers all to holler. Ain' dat de time whin de 'possum hang hissef by de tail ter er 'simmon tree, jis spechully fer ter fatten sum po' nigger? Ain' dat de time whin de *coo*shaws en punkins is er runnin' wile all ober creashun, en almos' er makin' deysebes inter pies? En cawnfiel' peas is er cummin' in, en yer kin jis hyar de shotes er crackin' hickernuts en akins, en puttin' on fat ter grease de skillet wid. En chinkypins en chestnuts plentiful en free ter all, en evywhar yer tun yer c'n smell de sorgum juice er stuin' inter lasses. Yasser ree, Bob! gimme de fall er de year evytime.

"I hyar 'em talk 'bout de glories uv de springtime. Uuh! De mos' glories dat I meets wid in de springtime am de eberlastin' mawnin'-glories er sneakin' en spreadin' deysebes eround, worl' widout end, en ruinatin' ma young cawn and cotton. *Naw, sah*, dem am argimints whut yer can't git eround. En ter squench de whole business, I lak ter ax, 'Whin duz circusses cum?' Haw-haw-haw, I got cher dar, sho. Yer 'bleege ter answer, in de fall er de year.

"Clar ter goodness! Hyar I bin er layin' out in de sun er argifyin' ter masef, tell I doan fergot all 'bout dem two hunderd poun's dat I 'lowed ter pick 'fo' dark. En evy one uv dem black niggers is done gone back ter de cotton patch. De Lawd knows ef I koches one uv 'em er pickin' in ma part er de fiel', I gwine ter ring 'im out ter dry, sho ez yo bawn. Howsumnever, dey is got hit wrong if dey thinks dey gwine mek ennything by hurryin' off right arter dinner en not gibbin' deysebes time fer dey grub ter settle. A nigger ain' good fer nuthin' right arter dinner till his vittles is dun settlin' en mixin' wid one ernudder. En I gwine een up wid mo' cotton dis day den enny han' in the fiel'.

"Lawd! de bestes time I eber sperunces, en de happies', too, lessen hit's whin I'se gittin' 'ligun ergin arter I dun backslided,

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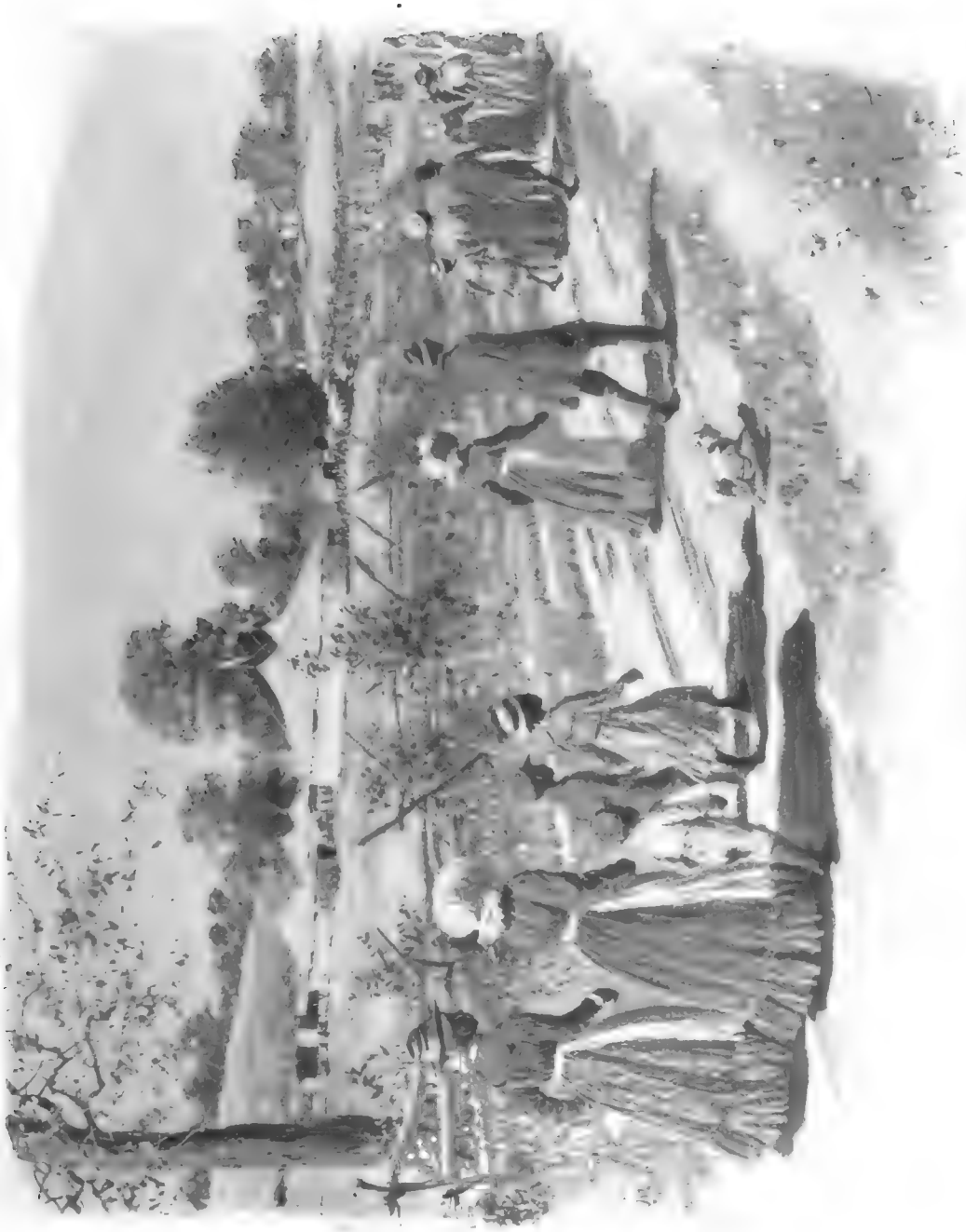

"WHIN DUZ CIRCUSSES CUM?"

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"'DE GLORIES UV DE SPRINGTIME.'"

is arter I dun et 'bout two quarts uv cawn-fiel' peas cooked right greasy wid er poun' er two er bac'n, en sum yaller yams ter sop in de pot licker, en fo' or fibe hot hoe-cakes wid sorgum, en plenty uv good strong buttermilk ter wash 'em all down wid, en den lays out in de sun en feels 'em all git-tin' 'quainted wid one 'nudder. En den dey sorter quiets down, en I feel so peaceful en happy, I feel lak I gwine ter sleep. But I ain' mo'n doze off 'fo' I shakes masef ter-gedder en gits up en hustles, kase I knows

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er leetle mo' en I'd be off sho; en 'twouldn't nebber do not ter pick dem two hunderd poun's 'fo' dark, en leab all dat cotton er grinnin' on de storks.

"En sides dat, I knows dissher summery wedder ain' gwine las'. L'il' Miss Summer jis playin' sum er her pranks en foolin' ole Mr. Fall. 'Fo' he know hit, she gwine ter slam de do' in 'is face en be gone fur good; lessen he kin swade her ter cum back fur 'nuff ter kiss her han' ter de rose bushes, en mek de young buds op'n up en bloom, en stay 'roun' jis er leetle while mo' till he kin go en wake ole Man Winter up en Marse Sandy Claw, en tell 'em dey better be gittin' ready, fer hit'll soon be time fer 'em ter cum erroun' ergin. En den whin he gits back all puffin' en blowin', little Miss Summer gwine ter mek her bes' bow en kiss her han' ter 'im, en he ain' gwine ter see her no mo' twell nex' cotton-pickin' time.

"En I'se gwine be right hyar masef in dis sefsame fiel' er pickin' cotton dis time nex' year, if I libs en nuttin' hap'ns. But de Lawd only knows whar I gwine ter be by nex' cotton-pickin' time. Evy time I koches masef makin' de Lawd's 'rangements fer 'im, I stops right short en sings ter masef dat good ole hime:

"'Dis time ernudder year
I may be gone
In sum er lonesum grabeyard.
Who knows how long?
O Lawd, how long?—
Ben' low, li'l' Jesus, ben' low—
O Lawd, how long?'"

As night comes on, one by one the pickers leave off, and emptying their bags into baskets, they pile them up in the farm wagons and carry them off to be weighed.

Already along the dusty streets may be seen wagon after wagon loaded with bales of cotton on the way to the village depot to be shipped away to clothe the world.

Now it is a four-mule wagon of some thrifty farmer piled up with bale upon bale; now the small, ramshackle, rattling cart of some negro containing one under-weight bale, his year's work and sole income; now a load of baskets, piled high and overflowing with the snowy staple, breaks the monotony; and every now and then a load of cotton seed being hurried off to sell while the fight between the mills is on and the price is high. Sandwiched in between bales and baskets and crowded thickly upon the seed wagons, with legs dangling over the sides and back, laughing and cracking jokes, are darkies of every size and color.

The load of passengers increases as the wagons go along, and every dark-skinned brother or sister going the same way feels entitled to a place, and calls out, "Lemme ride," and without waiting for permission, pulls up into the crowded wagon.

It is a happy time for the negroes in the South when the crop is gathered, and they have a little "ready money" in their pockets, and can "go to town on Saddy," and hang around and eat ginger-bread and sardines and crackers, and buy a few yards of blue jeans, or some "orzenberg," and perhaps enough "yaller buff caliky" or homespun for a dress; and then, when night comes on, to beg a ride home on some friendly wagon "gwine out our way." For in the village Saturday belongs to the negro, and it is a brave person who will venture to work his way through the crowded sidewalks on a "Saddy in cotton-pickin' time." They are there from all parts of the country, and in holiday costume. Such lavish combinations of colors would be hard to imagine, the favorites being bright yellow, scarlet, grass green, and royal purple; and the arrangements wonderfully conceived. They stand about in picturesque groups, chewing tobacco, cracking "gubbers," drinking red lemonade, jigging, laughing, playing the "juice harp," and eating everything available, from an apple to a stick of licorice.

By the time the lamps are lighted the streets are deserted, except for a few straggling "town niggers."

Thus do the happy, improvident workers who plant and gather the crops and harvests of the South spend their small earnings "goin' inter town on Saddy," and buying ginger-cake and peppermint candy.

Happy, harmless, good-natured creatures! Kind to those who do them kindness; forgiving to those who do them harm. How many a dear old mammy with gentle, refined nature turned adrift in declining years among the rough "fiel'-han' niggers," upon whom she used to look with so much scorn.

Yet a merrier, happier set of creatures than the Southern darkies singing in the fields in "cotton-pickin' time," or on the streets eating and "tradin'" on a "Saddy," would be hard to find.

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BESIDE THE PIT.

By Maximilian Foster,
Author of "In the Forest."

Illustrated by Frank Walter Taylor.

A HUNDRED thundering noises resounded through the shop, beating a strident chorus, and over all—like a witchery—hung the dim, nebulous vapor of the pits. Haste and energy were there, marching headlong, and the whole earth quivered with the tread of powerful machines. Down the gangways, the chucks and gearing of the giant lathes turned in their strenuous, incessant round; tools bit grimly upon the stubborn metal, crying aloud, and overhead a ponderous crane linked along its guides, rumbling as it drove to and fro. Cowan, the foreman, touched by the same feverish activity, strode up and down the passages, a dominant genius of energy and toil, calling his orders with a sure, strong voice, masterful and precise. Hurrying through an upper aisle, flanked high by guns, finished and unfinished, resting upon their chocks, he cast an eye along the shop. Around the jacketing-pit a gang of workmen hovered, their talk drowned to a low murmur by the whirr of the fans feeding a blast to the hot-air ovens. Below them, upright, stood the slim, glittering tube of a 12-inch gun, ready for its girth of steel; but Cowan, abruptly nodding, passed on. At the shop's farther end a lathe-tender had halted his machine, and, busy with a hand-tool, was working among its parts. "What's wrong?" the foreman asked.

The man looked up, sullen and perturbed. "The oil-feed's gagged," he answered doggedly, with a growl, casting a savage glance backward along the gangway. Cowan followed the look. He saw the gang about the pit gathered into an uneasy group, stealthily watching as they closed together, and among them stood a man in citizen's clothes. The lathe-tender was watching, too, when the foreman turned about. "Who is it?" Cowan demanded, and the man, with a grunt of scorn, bent again over the tool. "It's Henty—that's who it is," he answered. "Him that used to be walking delegate to the Metal Workers' Union."

Cowan frowned and looked again, sharply, toward the group about the pit. "Been bothering you?" The man nodded, and the foreman, stepping briskly down the shop, made his way toward the pit.

"Here, you!" he cried, this with temper, crisply, "that won't go here. You can read the orders. No talking to the men!" He pointed brusquely to one of the many signs upon the walls, an imperative caution to the visitor, and with a following gesture, waved the man aside.

Henty, with a swift look toward the men, grinned feebly. "Ahr! what's the odds?" he retorted. "Guess a little talk won't hurt 'em." He stood his ground, unmoved, boldly, with the grin changed to a half-derisive leer; and the foreman, growling, moved toward the ladder that led down into the pit. At the rail Cowan looked aloft, signalling to the crane, and with a sullen grinding of its gear the uncouth, powerful fabric came straddling along the gallery, high overhead. Henty slouched along the hand-rail, mingling with the men anew, and

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touched one upon the elbow—a swart, undersized fellow, with dull, thick-lidded eyes. "Say, Gorham"—this with an air of bold unconcern—"don't forgit—I'll see you Tuesda' night, sure." Gorham, hitching uneasily, answered with a nod, Henty stepping onward toward the door. Cowan, hearing the man's voice again, jumped back to the floor with a passionate gesture. "See here—you—Henty! I've warned you once. Try that again, and I'll have you turned out of the shop."

The labor agitator hunched his shoulders, leaning forward, ugly with an undershot jaw. "That so?" he retorted. "I'll have you know, *Mister* Cowan, I'm a citizen, an' know my rights. This is a Guv'ment shop—you'll not put me out o' here any more'n any other visitor!"

The workmen, listening to this skirmish of words, looked intently from one to the other, some with dull faces, others—a few—with ill-hidden glee. Something was in the air—something in the way of trouble; and, dimly, Cowan realized that a new and subtle influence was at work. What it was, he neither knew nor cared. He advanced with a threatening arm uplifted, roaring: "What's that? You'll talk back to me in my own shop, will you?—I'll——"

Henty, grinning, walked toward the door, and the foreman, without further words, let him go unhindered. But his face was brick-red with passion when he climbed down the ladder to the pit. "Aloft there!" he called gruffly, with one hand signalling to the crane. "Aloft there—stand by!"

The head-plate was off the oven, and an acrid odor of heated metal gushed out into the air. Within stood the expanded jacket ready to slip upon the naked, polished tube, the slim foundation of a heavy, high-powered gun. Cowan, with a plug of fusible metal, tried the jacket's temperature, cried an order to the gang, and watched closely while the clanking shackles dropped from the crane above, and were belayed about the jacket's rounded flanks. His hand, held above his head, wagged signals to the crane, and at each gesture, barely perceptible, the ponderous fabric sidled here and there with unerring precision. "Hoist away!" he cried, and the hoop, with a sudden tightening of the tackle, shot upward from the enveloping cylinder of the oven.

"Steady!" He climbed to the floor, his eyes a-glitter. Stepping to the stage about the gun tube, he waved his hand again, and the jacket's weighty bulk swung toward the tube lightly, like a wisp of straw. Another gesture—the round of metal halted, poised above the gun core. He snapped his fingers, the crane hunched itself along an inch—the shackles moved another inch—the fraction of an inch. Eye and hand did it all; there was no gauging tool to help him in the work. Stooping till his sight ran along the tube's polished surface, he trued the two together till their circles were concentric, so that by its own initial weight the jacket should slip down soft and surely, and cooling, grip the core in its powerful grasp.

The heavy bulk of steel hung in the air inert. With one last look around its rim, he stood up, and at that instant caught sight of Henty leering at him from the door. Intent upon his work, the foreman had forgotten, but now again anger shook him, and he raised his hand. The crane-tender, mistaking the movement, bore down on a lever, started, hesitated, then with a jerk, let go, lowering away.

Tottering with the jar, the jacket drove down upon the tube half-way, gritted, ground on, and stopped with a noisy shock. A cry followed, but the warning came too late. The hoop of steel, jammed far out of place, bound itself fast upon its core, and Cowan, groaning aloud, gazed upon the ruin. "Hoist away—hard!" he roared, in the hope of dragging the two apart, and the crane-tender, spying the mess from his gallery above, lost his head, and shot over the levers with a shaking hand. The crane fairly quivered. Its tackle flew upward, the chain, like a thread, spinning round the drums; then, with a weighty shock, it met the end of the slack, and tube and jacket, snatched from their foundation, beat to and fro against the staging.

A dozen shrill voices screamed an alarm; the crane-tender, conscious of peril, shut off the power, and brought his motors to a halt. But all too late, the damage was done. A lieutenant—inspector of the work—leaned over the hand-rail, and called sharply to the foreman. Cowan looked around, the sweat standing in drops upon his brow, and cursing with impotent rage. "Jammed on the tube!" he cried hoarsely, and then, stammering and incoherent, clambered to the floor, and volleyed a flood of explanation.

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"HE STOOD UP, AND AT THAT INSTANT CAUGHT SIGHT OF HENTY LEERING AT HIM FROM THE DOOR."

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"Henty, eh?" the lieutenant cut in. "If he shows his face here again, drive him out. I'll see that no pot-house politicians come around bothering the men again. What is he up to, anyway?"

Cowan shook his head. "Hey, there—Gorham!" he called to the dark-faced workman. "Come here." And Gorham, with an air of suspicion, drew near. "What's that fellow Henty doing around here?" Gorham, with his eyes fastened sullenly upon the floor, said he didn't know.

"Eh—what's that?" exclaimed Cowan. "I'll find out then. I say, there—Harvey!" A crowd of workmen had closed in about the pit, looking at the tube and its jammed and canting jacket. At the call, the lathe-tender, whose work had been distracted by the walking delegate's attention, walked forward.

"About Henty, eh?" he answered frankly. "Why, I make out he's got another of his schemes a-goin'—wants to organize us here in the gun fact'ry. I for one'll have none of him, after his doin's in the Metal Workers' Union. Why, he was ever callin' strike and strike, and then, when he'd tied up the men, hard and fast, he give in and lost them more'n they ever gained. Strike! Why, I guess it *was* a *strike* he was after, but not what they was lookin' for."

The lieutenant, in doubt, looked at Cowan inquiringly. "It was like this," the foreman explained. "They say Henty had the itch in his hand, and was bought off when the union was in a good way to win—and win what? Why, one of his infernal demands for double pay overtime and a few extras. They say he sold them out, but the men couldn't prove it."

The lieutenant sniffed disdainfully. "At any rate, he can't play any of his tricks here," he protested. "This is a Government shop, and he'll have hard work making trouble for us."

Harvey shook his head. "I don't know, sir. There're some tough ones around here—young fellows with a grouch on—lookin' for trouble and like that."

"Well, if he shows his face here again," ordered the lieutenant, "drive him out, and if he turns ugly, send out to the gate. I fancy the corporal of the guard can handle him."

Cowan was dull from the reaction of his excitement when he went home that night. Like many of his subordinates, he lived in a small, neat cottage near the works, with Gorham, the swart mechanic, for a neighbor. The foreman's wife let him in, and answered his greeting wearily with monosyllables. "What's wrong with you?" he demanded. "Everything's gone wrong today, so I suppose you're that way, too." The woman sighed, and walked on down the passage. "Oh, there's nothing much the matter," she answered, clattering along the oil-cloth in her slippers. Cowan grunted and dropped into a chair. He ate his evening meal in silence, now and then casting a sharp look at his wife, but though she, woman-like, knew that he was studying her mood, she gave no sign. Then, when the supper was cleared away, she stood in the doorway, looking out into the yard. Presently she turned around.

"Say, Hen, I wish you'd keep an eye on that young fellow, Gorham—won't you?"

Cowan grunted. He dropped his paper and looked up. "What for, Susy?"

Mrs. Cowan thought a moment. "His wife was in here to-day, Hen, and——"

Cowan interrupted with a snort. "Oh, then that's what's bothering you, is it? What's he been doing?—beating her?"

Mrs. Cowan retorted with disdain. "Trust you men to think that's the only way we are ill-treated ever. No, he hasn't hit her—mebbe it's worse. He don't beat her—no, I rather think she'd stand that if he was decent part of the time. But he only——"

"Doesn't she get enough to eat?" inquired Cowan dully, "or is she wearing last year's bonnet, or what?"

His wife's anger, at these suggestions, visibly rose. "I tell you—you're like them all. What do you men think we women are—wooden statues, slaves, animals, or what?"

"Dunno," he answered, dully as ever, "but I advise you not to go meddling with other folks's business."

Then he went to bed. At dawn Cowan, with all his responsibilities aroused anew, went back to the factory. His wife answered him briefly from the kitchen when he called out good-by, and Cowan was dimly conscious that something unusual stirred her mind. But he had little time to give it a thought. "Plague it!" he muttered to himself, "I can't be bothered with a woman's whimsies. Let her forget it!"

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But the thing was on Mrs. Cowan's mind, and she did not forget. She finished the morning's work and sat down idly, for there were no children—the worse for her—in the Cowan household. For a half-hour she sat, rocking in thought, then walked out the gate and into the Gorham cottage. "Morning, Letty; how are you?"

Mrs. Gorham said she didn't know—considering. She brought her visitor into the kitchen, apologizing, and went on with her work. She was a young woman, slim, and still with a certain comeliness undestroyed by her continual air of woe. What lay in store for her future was apparent. Her hair, even now, was disordered, and she slopped about the kitchen in slippers and a calico gown no longer of its first fresh crispness—in a word, the beginning of a slattern.

"Can't I help you tidy up things?" Mrs. Cowan suggested, but the other shook her head. "No," she answered wearily, "I'll do it in time. That seems to be what I'm for."

"Oh, you mustn't talk like that," pleaded the visitor. "Perhaps things are not bad as you think."

The other turned with a flood of words on her lips. She showed what she was—a sentimentalist—eager for a little consolation, sympathy, affection—a little attention of any kind. "Heavens!" she cried, petulantly, "I wish, indeed, they were not. My heart's breaking—what am I? Oh—a slave—a hand-slave—a common drudge. Listen!" She dropped into a chair, and rocked to and fro, with one hand at her face and the other gripping her elbow. "Listen," she said, more calmly, "here I go marry a man I love, and look forward to bein' happy and helpin' him along. Fine, wasn't it? And what do I get?" She sobbed aloud, then again grew quiet. "Look—I stay here in the house day after day—not that I mind that—cooking his food and mending his clothes and having things comfortable, and all for what? God knows! He comes home o' nights, wolfs down his meals, growls if things ain't right, and then chases out of the house, never so much as lookin' at me twice. It's toil—toil—toil, and never so much as a good word thrown like a bone to a hungry dog. I just can't stand it. What's the use of livin', anyhow?" She threw her apron over her head, and gave her sorrow freedom, keening with shrill stridency. In vain Mrs. Cowan sought to stop her woe, and it was not until Letty Gorham had wept her eyes red and watery that she ceased. "Don't—don't," pleaded the older woman. "Mebbe he'll change around, and I've asked Hen to speak with him." But the other shook her head. "It'll do no good—he won't understand," she sobbed. "It's part of the life."

The days wore on; the tube and its distorted jacket were put on a machine, and a tool cut the two asunder. Cowan cursed every time he saw them, for it reminded him of the trouble—of one time that he had botched his work—and of something new and unusual, a new worry latent in the air. One night, when the day shift was just going home, he stopped Harvey at the door. "Look here, Harvey," he said; "what's going on? There's something wrong with some of the men, and I'd like to know it—with those fellows—Gorham and the rest of them."

Harvey looked at him in astonishment. "Why, haven't you heard? It's Henty, for sure. I thought you'd been told. He's fixin' hard to get the shop organized, and—well, I guess I might as well say so—he says he'll have you out of your job as soon's he got 'em together."

Cowan flushed angrily, and, after a moment's reflection, laughed in scorn. "Well, anyhow, merit gets men to the top here, and he won't be likely to get the place."

"I guess not," the veteran workman said. "He ain't looking for that kind of a job—it's work, and work and Henty don't sorter agree. He'd rather sit around a gin-mill, and meddle. They're goin' to meet to-night sure!"

The old man laughed, and a sly look came into his eye. "I've got something up my sleeve." Then he marched out, flinging a laugh over his shoulder at the foreman. "I'll put a flea in his ear—him and Gorham, too."

"Is Gorham in it, then?" cried Cowan. The old man nodded and passed on, and Cowan went up the street. He crossed the avenue toward his home, and at the corner saw a crowd of the gun-shop's workmen—Gorham among them—hanging about a saloon. He nodded as he passed, and some, with an air of guilty concern, turned their backs. But Gorham faced him boldly, leering at the foreman with a contemptuous grin. Cowan halted. "I say, Gorham," he remarked coolly, "these are great times,

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ain't they? Not afraid of going too far, are you?"

"Hey?" exclaimed Gorham, with a startled expression. Then his look changed, and a vindictive gleam came into his eyes. "Naw, I guess we ain't afraid, and more, too, we ain't lookin' for any advice from you, either, or from your woman. You understand—hey?" His anger was obvious; he gave his wrath full rein, and with a face convulsed, raised his clenched fist. Cowan was amazed. "You take warning,"

"'I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU AND YOUR WIFE MAKING TROUBLE 'TWIXT ME AND MY WOMAN—YOU HEAR ME?'"

Gorham cried, "I've had enough of you and your wife making trouble 'twixt me and my woman—you hear me?" He rapped out an oath to emphasize his meaning as he stood with blazing eyes confronting the foreman. Cowan stared at him silently for a moment; then with a snort of scorn and a loud laugh he walked on up the street. His wife let him in as usual, with the same dull expression she had worn now for weeks. When he stepped through the doorway he shot her a sharp glance, grinned blankly, knit his brows, and with a sudden heat wheeled and grasped her roughly by the arm.

"Say!" he cried, "what's wrong with you? Can't you ever crack a smile or a cheerful word. I want to know, now—what's up?"

She shook her head slowly. "Oh, there's nothing wrong," she answered with an expressive quietness.

"Then, for Heaven's sake," he protested, "don't go round looking like a tragedy queen!"

Mrs. Cowan had been spending a lachrymose afternoon with her neighbor, Gorham's wife. The woman had taken now to weeping silently, to moping like a stricken bird, and at every word her tears streamed down her face. "Oh, I'm so mis'rable—oh, so mis'rable!" she wailed.

Mrs. Cowan assented slowly. "I know—it's little better with me."

The other looked up, astonished—half-pleased—glad to have some company in her sorrow. Mrs. Cowan sat, staring through the window, her hands folded in her lap.

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"It's part of our woman's life, I guess. They don't notice—don't care at all—so long's our work's done. I'm going home." With that she popped out of the house, for once leaving the Gorham woman with her tears unflowing.

Cowan finished his supper in silence, and flung himself into a chair. He sat for a while, trying to read his newspaper, but more often scanning his wife over the top of the sheet. "See here!" he cried, finally, "you keep away from that Gorham woman. I know what's happened to you!"

"You mind your own business," she answered testily, and Cowan, jamming on his hat, strode wrathfully from the house. There was a crowd around the saloon, waiting idly about the door, and when he saw it was of his own men he understood. It was a meeting; there was a hall in the rear of the drinking-place. Whistling shrilly, he swaggered by without a sign. "There he goes!" cried some one. Then the crowd filed into the hall.

Upon the platform sat Henty, and near at hand Gorham, the young mechanic. Henty grinned affably, and nodded at each new-comer; Gorham lolled in his chair as dark and dull as ever. The men clattered noisily to their seats, a few of them skylarking for the best places, but the majority with a dignified calmness. In the front sat old Harvey, his legs outstretched, and his eyes roaming abstractedly about the ceiling. Gorham arose, and knocked on the table for silence. He looked around the hall, cleared his throat, and turned to the labor agitator with a shifting eye.

"I take pleasure," he said, "in introducing the chairman of the evening—Mr. Harvey." Here he flashed a glance at the old man sitting in the front row. Harvey stared back.

"No, you don't!" the veteran retorted. "I ain't goin' to be no chairman!"

Gorham turned to Henty with dismay, and the walking delegate arose. "We'll just make Mr. Gorham chairman himself," he cried. "Mr. Gorham, take the chair. Mr. Harvey don't need to take no part in this meeting, and mebbe he'll step outside."

"No—he won't step outside either!" Harvey growled in return.

"All right, then, we'll proceed. Now, gents, you know what we're here for—it's to organize."

He beamed upon the assemblage with an air of the utmost good-nature. With a loud, self-assured voice he proclaimed that organization, to the workingman, was the one great, self-protective measure. "Gentlemen—I propose the Cannon Makers' Union. I wait for your views."

Old Harvey arose. "Mr. Chairman," he called, and Gorham looked again, dismayed, at his prompter, Henty. The walking delegate, confident that Harvey was there for no good, stared over the veteran's head, and called out to a man in the rear of the hall. Harvey turned his back on him, and raised a hand. "Boys!" he roared, "he ain't goin' to choke me off. I'll speak if I have to holler. Listen to me." He gripped his hat in his hands, and hitched himself together. "I want to say just a few words—just this. You fellers are goin' to organize—all right. But what for? Who can tell me?" A growl from the crowd interrupted, but other voices cried: "Go on, Harvey—you're all right." He nodded, convinced that he was. "What I was goin' to say is this: What's the good of organizin'——"

Henty banged the table with his fist. "Sit down!" he roared. "You're out of order!"

Harvey paid no heed. He tried to speak anew, and turmoil broke out in the hall. There was a volley of catcalls, hooting, and derisive yells; yet steadily over all came a dry, "Go on, Harvey; go on—you're all right."

Henty felt his reawakened power slipping from him, and made one grand effort to regain it. "All right—let him speak!" he cried, and Harvey bowed derisively.

"It's this!" cried the old man. "What good'll you get out of organizin'? It's a Guv'ment shop; your wage and hours is fairly fixed by law. There's no favoritism, and the best man works to the top. An' more'n that; you're not taxed by any weak-kneed union for assessments and dues. They ain't no need for strikes, and they ain't no lockouts. You're sure of your job, and if your work's up to the notch, you ain't in danger of bein' fired. It's——"

"Scab!" roared a voice in the back of the hall. Old Harvey flushed heavily at the taunt.

"Who called me scab?" he roared. "Oh—it was you, Ben Williams, was it? You that was given his time for gettin' drunk and lazy—worse. I'm a scab—eh?

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"HARVEY WAVED THE DOCUMENTS OSTENTATIOUSLY BEFORE HIM."

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Well, the men that have worked with me in other shops don't say that. I guess I'm a pretty good union man when a union's needed. Organization is sure, as Mr. Henty says, sure a great thing. But I guess Mr. Henty knows just who is going to be protected—don't you, Mr. Henty?" He looked at the delegate with a meaning grin, and turned again to the crowd.

"I know a story—what's more I'm goin' to tell it. There was a dog, once—a good big, husky, good-natured dog what worked in a mill. He was well fed, and when his work was done he used to go out and play. Well, one day he met another dog, a fuzzy, yellow kind of a dog, snoopin' around an alleyway. Says the yellow dog to the big one, 'You work too hard. Your master's a slave-driver. Just you give me a beef bone now and then, and I'll show you how to fix him.' So the big dog passed over a bone, and the other one told a few things. The next day the big dog lay down on his work, and growled. 'Hmph!' said his master, 'mebbe I work him too hard and don't give him enough to eat.' So he fed him more beef bones, but on the next day, again, the big dog worked a while, and lay down, growling. He kept that up reg'lar, growlin' for more bones and doin' less work. Pretty soon the boss got tired, and catchin' on, he took the big dog by the scruff of the neck, and kicked him out into the street. Bimeby, the yellow dog come around, and seein' there was no big one to get the bones, the boss slung 'em out to the cur. The big dog see this and howled. 'Say'—this to the yellow dog—'you get the bones, and what do I get,—a good, swift kick, sure.' So he chased the yellow dog and went back to work, and the boss, thinkin' he'd been overfed afore, give him more work and less of the bones. Gentlemen"—he turned, with a ringing voice, and stared Henty square in the face—"gentlemen, the big dog was the men of the Argent & Morgan Works, and the yellow dog was you—you—Dan Henty. I've been waitin' for you, too. Fifteen year agone, you sneaked me out of the best job I ever had, all because I wouldn't strike—and what for? To throw an honest man out of his place—old Phil Harrigan—you remember him, men—some of you do, anyhow—foreman of the McMurtha & Perkins Machine Shop. D'you remember, Henty, you yellow dog, that sold out the men at Argent & Morgan's?"

Henty leaped to his feet with a face convulsed with rage. "It's a lie!" he raged. "You can't prove it." Harvey ignored him. "And what's he up to now!" cried the old man. "The first thing he's sworn is to dish Cowan in the gun-fact'ry. That's the kind he is."

He finished amid a violent uproar. Gorham was beating the table for silence, and Henty, with a shaking fist, was screaming denials, dull red as with an apoplexy, and defying the speaker to prove his words. A hundred men were on their feet; the place shook with the turmoil; some cheered, and a few were hooting Harvey with fierce, raucous voices. "Can't prove it, eh?" the old man cried. "You give me time, and I'll try to."

Gorham finally made himself heard. "I move," he roared hoarsely, with a sudden inspiration, "I move that the last speaker be ejected from the hall."

But old Harvey was undismayed. "You young fool!" he retorted. "You can't even do that. You're not organized." He raised his hand for silence; his friends ceased their cheers. "They don't need to throw me out—I'll go. You can all chew on what I've told you."

Henty recovered himself with a violent effort, and spoke.

"You've listened to the speaker," he began jauntily, "now listen to me. He's only thrown mud at me—that's all. I'm innocent—I ain't never took a cent from no one, and as for his talk about a union, you know what a scab like him is always tryin' to do. He says they ain't no use to organize. They ain't, hey? Why, look here, men—I guess you and a few others'll be willing to get all the wages you can—hey? Sure. He says, too, that your wages is fixed by law. Why, so they are. But say, if we all get togther, and make it politics, I sorter think we can make a few of those big bugs in office sit up and look lively—hey? But I ain't got any more to say, friends; it's all in your hands. I'm just tryin' to help."

Harvey was making his way toward the door. But at the last row of seats he turned with a loud, mocking laugh. "Hoor-ray, fellers—there's great times comin' when we run the Guv'ment from the gun-fact'ry!" Still chuckling, he passed out, and a score of the older men went with him. But once outside, he looked around with a serious

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face. "Well, he's a tricky one, ain't he? Got 'em goin' agin, ain't he?" Inside the hall they were cheering anew, and old Harvey drew his brows together. "Anyhow, I ain't through yet. I'll fix him, if it costs me my job."

The meeting kept on late into the night, and the next day the news was brought to the factory. The agitator had drawn up a rough draft of constitution and by-laws; the affair was in full swing, and another week would see the organization of the Cannon Makers' Union. Again—that night—they were to meet, and Cowan heard it all, perturbed.

"Ah-r! what d'you care?" expostulated Harvey, who noted his look of concern; "that dog, Henty, can't drive you out of your job."

Cowan, biting his fingers, answered that he wasn't so sure.

In the jacketing-pit again stood the slim, naked tube of the 12-inch gun, smoothed anew, handsomely, from the machines. For three days its jacket had been baking in the oven, and all was ready for another trial. Cowan, drawing near, took a last look into the pit, and started home for supper. "I'll be in later," he called back. The night shift was coming on, and as he reached the gate he saw old Harvey jump on a trolley-car. "Now, where's he going?" he wondered. He sat down to his supper in silence, answering his wife's perfunctory talk with little attention and less interest. Discouraged, she lapsed into silence, and sat there, looking at him with her lips primly tightened and an aggrieved air upon her face. Cowan gave little heed, and at the end of the meal she spoke again.

"Hen," said she, intently, "that young Gorham girl's in a bad way."

Cowan grunted. Mrs. Cowan glared.

"That's it," she cried, "I don't suppose you care. She says she'll kill herself, but who cares? Nobody—not a man, at least. They take a girl out of a good home, and let her work herself to death, and never so much as a kind look, or——"

Cowan's eye was fixed on her, darkly. "Say, Susy, what's the matter with you, anyhow? Can't you give a man a chance? I've got troubles of my own without borrowing them next door." He snatched up his hat, and with a petulant cry clattered out of the house. But, once in the street, he halted, debating with himself. A thought had come into his mind; perhaps, after all, he ought to do something for the unhappy young woman—at least, take some interest in her plight. And, again, maybe he had spoken too crossly to his wife. Should he go back and make it up? Oh, to-morrow would do. So, walking on, he made his way toward the factory.

Aimlessly Cowan loitered around the shop. He longed to get at work on the gun tube, but the light in the pit was too dim for a delicate job like that, and, perforce, he put it off until the morning. Matters were rushing in the factory, and day and night the grim building resounded with the thundering echoes of toil. The noise and activity revived his mind; he stepped more briskly, and there was even a gay freedom in his manner when he spoke to the workingmen.

"Cowan!" a voice called, and there was old Harvey hurrying down the shop. His manner was excited; there was excitement in his eye. "Cowan, come along with me!" he bade hurriedly. "There's the devil to pay."

The foreman followed. "What's happened?" His first thought was for his wife at home. "Anything wrong up to my house?" Harvey drew him along, hastening toward the gate. "No—not there. It's next door—at Gorham's. His woman's killed herself."

Cowan gave a low cry. "She's done it, eh? Where's my wife?"

"She's up—you'd better get her home. It's no thing for her to see." Another man was standing at the gate—a stranger. He joined them, and Harvey introduced him to the foreman. "It's Mr. Freeley—he's head man in Argent & Morgan's works." Cowan shook hands, wondering what brought him to the gun-factory. "We were comin' up the street," Harvey went on, "and when we come to Gorham's your wife ran out, callin'. She'd found the other lyin' on the floor in the back room, and there was a bottle and a letter on the table. She'd wrote why she done it."

Harvey told what the letter said—a passionate, hysterical protest against her life, its destroying dulness and toil, and the unconcern of the man she had striven for till hope gave out. "I guess she died with a broken heart," said old Harvey. "There's many of 'em do."

The foreman bent his head upon his breast, and the stranger looked at him curi-

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ously. Cowan was thinking of his own wife, and of what, perhaps, she might have had in her mind. He hurried up the steps of the Gorham house and knocked upon the door. "We're goin' on to the meetin'," Harvey called; "young Gorham's there."

"No, wait for me a moment. I'll go with you."

He stepped inside when a weeping neighbor opened the door.

"My wife?" he asked, and the woman nodded toward the back room. Letty Gorham lay on the floor where she had fallen, and beside her stood Mrs. Cowan, with a white face and tearless, staring eyes. "Oh, Hen!" she cried. A great sob rose in her throat, and she flung her arms about him. Oh—oh!" she wailed. Cowan tried to soothe her in vain while he led her from the room. "Don't—don't cry," he pleaded. "I know how you've felt. I guess I've been pretty rough, all right, but you won't need to feel like that poor girl back there. It's all right now—I understand. Don't cry like that, Susy—come, come, now."

She rested her head on his shoulder and grew calm. Then she threw back her head and looked into his face. "I thought you were going away like him," she said, "and when she talked about it all I felt like dying, too. But I'll work and work and work, Hen, and be happy, if we can only start over again like it was when we began together."

She was half-hysterical, smiling through her tears, and he nodded, smiling gravely. "It's all right now, dear," he assured her; "I was bothered and worried—but it's all right—there—there."

He took her down the steps and into their own home. "No place for you over there, Susy, while you're feeling bad. Just you sit still till I get back."

"Oh, don't go," she pleaded.

"But I've got to go get young Gorham. All right, Harvey—and Mr. Freeley—come along, now."

Henty's meeting was roaring in full swing. He was on the platform, displaying with fervent oratory how they should force the Government to hoist wages and make things easier for its workmen. Harvey and the two others pushed through the door, and at the stir Henty halted in his peroration, with a sudden gleam of fear in his beady eyes. He looked from Harvey to the foreman, and on to the man from the Argent & Morgan works. "What you doin' here?" he gasped, his lips white with a vague terror. Then he blazed out defiantly. "Sergeant-at-arms—the door, the door! Put those men out of here. They don't belong."

For an instant there was a strict silence—a lull in the proceedings. "Throw them out!" a voice roared, but the three stood their ground. Cowan boldly walked to the platform, and fixed Gorham with a meaning look. "You go home," he whispered. The man, with his dark, dull eyes, stared at him stupidly. "You go home—your wife is——"

"What's happened?" Gorham arose, clutching the chair-back till his fingers grew waxen at the pressure. "What's wrong, anyhow? She's always kickin' up a muss."

Cowan looked at him, contemptuously, perhaps. Then brutally: "She won't kick up a muss again. She's dead—killed herself."

"Eh—she has, has she?" he muttered stupidly. He took a long breath, and went shuffling toward the door. "Where's he going?" demanded Henty. "Hey, Gorham, come back here. Say, I'm goin' after him."

Old Harvey reached out and pushed him back into his seat. "You sit fast," he ordered; "we've got a thing or two for you to hear! Now, Mr. Freeley—take a seat, Mr. Cowan."

The representative from Argent & Morgan's stepped to the platform and, after one sharp look at Henty, sat down. Old Harvey followed at his heels. He twitched at his sleeves, his face worked, and, plainly, some strong excitement stirred him.

"Now," he began, "I said the other night Henty sold out the men at Argent & Morgan's. All right—I said, too——"

Henty jumped from his chair. "You lie! You can't prove it."

"Sit down!" cried the old man sternly. "I'll show you." He turned to the assemblage anew. "I said this fellow Henty did sell 'em out. I was right."

Henty rushed to the front again. "Men!" he stormed, "will you let these scabs come in here and break up our meeting? Throw 'em out."

Uproar answered the call, and Henty, with gleaming eyes, waited for the trouble. A half-dozen men, excited by the harangue and aflame with liquor, started up the aisle,

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and, vigorously protesting, were held back by others. "Go on, Harvey. Go on!" a dozen voices roared, and Harvey smiled as he recognized the slogan of his friends. So on he went.

"I say Henty sold 'em out, and so he did. I went up to the Argent & Morgan works to-day, and laid the matter plain. After a long talk they sent down Mr. Freeley, here. Now Mr. Henty says he never got a cent from 'em. He didn't. They was too smart." He looked around at Henty, who had subsided into his chair. "What Henty did was to go up to the works and make an offer. They said, 'Sure'—they'd pay anything to be quit of the strike—and Henty fell into the trap. They give him the money—it was marked, every dollar of it—and when he'd got it safe in his clothes, they nabbed him. There was four witnesses, and he wilted. Jail was in front o' him, and he give in. He sat down and writ a confession—an affy-davy—puttin' his hand to it. Then they took away the cash and made him sign a declaration that he'd call off the strike, and so long's he lived keep his hands off the works. Then, after them things was done, they made him take oath he'd git out o' the agitatin' trade, and try somethin' else. All of which he agreed, lamb-like, 'cause he had to. Seein', then, there was nothin' else left, they showed him the door."

"All a lie—a damnable lie!" screamed Henty.

"Hunh! Them papers I'll trouble you for, Mr. Freeley. Now—" Harvey waved the documents ostentatiously before him. "Here's the confession and the affy-davy." The crowd struggled from their seats, and drew around him. "I move the Cannon Makers' Union be disbanded," Harvey yelled. "Where's the president, Mr. Henty?" He turned around, grinning. "Lord, and I ain't even a member—where's Henty?"

A score of voices took up the shout. But Henty had withdrawn. "He's just slipped out the back door," explained Freeley, from the works; "I thought I might as well let him go."

Morning came. The night shift was leaving, the day shift coming on. Activity was displayed on every side—a hundred thundering noises resounded through the shop.

"That was a good turn you did me last night, Harvey." The foreman held out his hand, and the old man grinned.

"Sure—nothin' of the sort. It was spite—naught but spite, and I'm but a vindictive old man."

"Never mind—I won't forget." Cowan walked on up the shop, a light heart in his breast, a smile on his lips. He raised his hand, a signal; the great crane came straddling up the gallery, and halted over the pit. Its chain unwound, and was carried down by the gang. "Hoist away!" and a bulky round of metal shot up into the air—a new and handsome jacket for the tube. Cowan, working like a man possessed, went round the tube like a cooper around a keg. He trued the two together, flung his arms apart, and with a sudden whirring of the gears and a ring of striking metal, the tube slipped down upon its core and wedged fast and surely in its place.

Cowan wiped his brow. "Well, thank God!" he muttered. "That's ended, and a few other things beside."

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AN AUDIENCE WITH LI HUNG CHANG.

In the courtyard of his yamen, at Pekin. On either side of him stand two graduates of Yale and Harvard Universities.

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LI HUNG CHANG'S FORECAST OF CHINA'S FUTURE.

By Carl Frederick Ackerman.

IT was my good fortune to have an extended talk with Li Hung Chang shortly after the occupation of Pekin by the allied troops. It was held in the red room in the Palace of Roses. As he looked up into my face—leered, I should say—his cracked lips separated into a smile that showed his toothless gums. His eyes were watery. Deep furrows ran to every corner of his face. His once erect form was worn with age until he bent almost double, and it was with difficulty that he arose from his chair to greet me. The broad shoulders were narrowed until they looked puny. Long nails taloned from the skinny fingers, which wound themselves around an ironwood stick he always carried for support.

But what impressed me, more than his appearance distressed me, was his mental activity. Meeting the venerable statesman at a time when all his intellect, all his will was necessary to bring back to China the integrity of the imperial province, afforded an excellent opportunity to get a personal estimate of the man. Accused of using his influence to favor Russia in Manchuria, hated by England, feared by Germany, tolerated by the United States, and coerced by Japan, his position was not enviable.

He showed the effects of the strain. It was the work that carried him to the grave.

Would his best efforts be directed for good? So many watched him; so few knew this old man. Nobody had his confidence. We wondered then what would be the effect of his demise. To-day the empire is in a condition to withstand this shock, where twenty years ago the death of the statesman would have seriously arrested its development. His power with the court was always great. To-day there are many educated Chinese, who have been ambassadors at the courts of the world—men with an appreciation of the power of the encroaching European governments and what must come with the introduction of Western industrial and commercial energies. That Li Hung Chang overshadowed them all there is not a doubt. The last year of the old man's life saw him active in what he wished to send down to posterity as his greatest self-sacrifice.

Leaving his magnificent palace in the Shansi valley, he endured the fatigue of travel when the vitality in his frame was almost spent. He came to Pekin as the Envoy Extraordinary of an imbecile Emperor. His journey, though made by easy stages, was filled with hardships he was little able to endure. He told me he never expected to return to the Shansi province, that his labors would be in the neighborhood of the Pe-chi-li.

It was at Tien-Tsin that he suffered the most humiliating experience of his life, especially considering the attention and admiration that met him at every point upon his tour of the world. Li Hung Chang stopped at Tien-Tsin on the way to his palace in Pekin—the same palace, by the way, to which he went after his degradation by the Emperor, following the China-Japan War.

He was visited one day by Fedor von Rauch, secretary to Count von Waldersee, and one of the favorites of the Kaiser.

"Is this an official visit?" the viceroy asked of his visitor.

"No, I come purely on a personal matter," was the answer.

"Would you advise me to call upon Count von Waldersee?"

"No, I would not. Field Marshal von Waldersee would not receive you," was Von Rauch's firm but truthful reply.

Nor did Count von Waldersee receive the old man. He refused to send for him, and it was only at a late day in Pekin that the viceroy was received officially by the commander of the allied troops.

It was a bitter blow to Li Hung Chang's pride. In Pekin he resented his treatment by calling upon the Russian minister, by whom he was cordially welcomed, and where the hospitality of his host was taxed to its utmost.

It was during the month of November that I was granted my first audience with Li Hung Chang. I gained his good will

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with a present that pleased him infinitely. When in New York a moving-picture concern took a view of his Excellency in his chair while being carried past Grant's tomb by policemen.

We had gathered in the courtyard of his yamen when Li Hung Chang was announced. The curtains of his rooms were rolled, and, with faltering steps and supported by two attendants, he came out into the sun. The little instrument was on a red lacquer table of quaint and exquisite workmanship, and he eyed it curiously. When asked to peer into the lenses he did not hesitate.

One of his attendants turned the handle of the machine, and he watched intently. For a few seconds not a muscle of his face stirred. Then he looked up and spoke quickly to his interpreter.

"They walk! They walk!" he exclaimed. The smile that overspread his face and the handshake he gave me indicated his appreciation plainer than words. If he had been a child he could not have been more pleased.

After spending fifteen minutes with his new toy—and he would not be disturbed—he took me to the red room and invited me to sit down. I told him how well he was regarded by the people of America, and the world for that matter, and he arose and again shook my hand. His faculty for answering a question by asking another, and the abnormal curiosity he manifested, were well-nigh tiresome.

"How does the introduction of European inventions affect your people, and can they be educated to adopt them?" I asked.

"What are your inventions, and what inventions do you mean?" he asked with a sort of a smirk.

"Why, the railroad, steamers on your rivers, the ploughs in your fields, the machine for labor-saving in your factories and mills, and so on."

"Ah, yes. European inventions will begin an industrial era in China," he answered. "It will take time, and blood will flow. China has been in a condition of arrested development for centuries, and with the progress made by other nations she must wake up and accept the inevitable. Japan has progressed more in the last fifty years than any other nation on the globe. Her statesmen have seen the wisdom of opening trade and ports to foreign countries. China has done so under sufferance.

"It must be considered that, removed from the seaboard and isolated from the cables, are millions of people here who do not understand why Europe and America should direct the railroads or churn the waters of the rivers. I dare say as near as three hundred miles from Pekin they do not know to-day that Pe-chi-li province was disturbed by rioting. They scarcely credit the rumor that the Emperor and his court left Pekin.

"It is upon the minds of these people that the impression must be made and an explanation offered. Can you blame them for resenting the concession of rights for railroad building? They are not simple-minded. They must work if they would live. Think of the centuries during which the commerce of China has depended upon the waterways and the millions of people who live because of the traffic. Fifty millions of them are dependent upon the waterways of China for a livelihood. When you introduce the locomotive you will see the junks rotting on the river-banks and people looking for food. The children of China argue, 'Why allow foreigners to usurp our trade, to drive our business to destruction, and bring want and suffering to us?'

"These are things to consider. Along the Pie-ho, where the foreign settlements are located, the people are educated to the use of foreign inventions, but in the interior, to which you reach, a different condition confronts the European. The people cannot appreciate or understand."

Li Hung Chang became enthusiastic as the conversation progressed, and his eyes sparkled, if those dull orbits of gray could be said to sparkle. His manner was calm, and his utterance slow and tiresome. A much-disgusted interpreter, thinking of his cushioned divan and cup of tea waiting in his comfortable quarters, perspired and persevered. The task became arduous and not at all to his liking.

"Will his Excellency state whether, in his opinion, China will again go to war with the nations of the world, whose interests in this Empire must now be protected?" I asked a bit hesitatingly, for I did not wish to abuse his hospitality.

The old statesman was thoughtful for a time, as though deliberating what words to use. He began:

"At intervals pestilence and flood have swept over China. We have small wars and riots where people are killed. Those who

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saw the devastation along the Pei-ho care no more for such turmoil. It is hard to answer for millions. China has been a great giant shocked by an infant. China is helpless only because she does not know her strength. She may break the shackles in the freedom of movement she begins to enjoy. I cannot predict much. I say there will come famine"—Li Hung Chang's prediction proved true—"and people will die for want of bread during the winter, and they will hunger for the comfort of a dwelling which war has made no more.

"These people have seen enough of riots and killing to last them. I speak of the Pe-chi-li province. As time advances and your European inventions grow upon the country, a different feeling will result, but the Chinese must learn and be educated to their uses and advantages.

"When I am dead and gone many things will happen for the better and worse. Blood will flow along the Yangtse-Kiang valley, and through the Kiang-Su, Nang-Whi, Ki-ang-Si, Hoo-pe, and Sye-Chuen provinces. Here the inhabitants have to learn the ways and methods which foreigners will teach them. They may arise.

"I trust no such catastrophe will ever visit China. We are teaching the people enlightenment. You and I may not see the day that a war comes. In case of any great European trouble the people may be incited to fanatical disturbances, but we all hope not."

"Will your Excellency return to your palace in the Shansi valley upon the completion of your labors here?" I ventured.

The old man grew pensive.

"My palace at Shansi, where I expected to end my life happily and in peace, I am afraid will see me no more. I loved it there, and this journey to Pekin, over so many miles, has wearied me and taxed my endurance. It was no easy task, as could be seen by the many halts I was obliged to make, when time was so valuable. I love the Shansi valley, and wonder whether I shall see it again!"

He stopped talking and asked to be excused. I inquired whether I might see him again on the morrow, and he acquiesced.

Li Hung Chang probably thought that he had talked too much the day before, for he was inclined to be uncommunicative at the beginning of the second visit. Of the war that was and might be expected he was dumb. I told him of the love of Americans for him as a statesman and his friendship for General Grant. Earl Li warmed up sufficiently to arise and shake my hand. This he did warmly.

"When will the new industrial era begin?" I asked.

He turned his leaden eyes upon me.

"When the landscape is clear of the cannon and the court returns to its own. By industrial you mean the opening of new factories, mills, and shops; the landing upon China's soil of European machinery that will till the ground as it has never been tilled, and transport the products into shops and farms for export and home uses. This is a matter that requires thought. All European inventions must come, just as the first railroad. Before this concession was granted the Dowager Empress must see what it looked like. The contractor submitted a model, which ran upon the floor of the palace, and it pleased the court.

"The industrial era, as you call it, cannot come in a moment. The people cannot turn aside from pursuits in which they have been engaged for centuries to adopt new ideas. All of this must take time. And I only hope that nothing will arise to destroy the belief that the settlement of these our present troubles will mean a great deal of good for the Empire. We move slowly here, as we have for centuries; but the day is not far distant when our progress will be rapid as that of our neighbors across the Yellow Sea."

I left him then. He was fatigued, and his head was bowed upon his breast; but his brain slept not. The attendants gave me tea and seemed pleased that I had come. Think not that they did not absorb every word that came from the great statesman's lips. As a company they advised him. Still I could not but reflect, as I stood on the threshold and looked for the last time, that this feeble old man was ready to fall with the first ill wind. His words, the words he used to me on the first day I set eyes upon him in Pekin, came to my mind. He wanted permission from the allies to put down the rioting. "Have I not put down every insurrection in China for forty years?" he asked. His voice rose as he added significantly: "They know *me*."

And well they did—Li Hung Chang, the soldier on the march, statesman in the councils, and the tiger in dealing with his enemies.

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"'KEEP TER DE CREEK, SAM, . . . WADE IN IT. THEY CAIN'T TRACK YOU THERE.'"

IN HIS DAY OF TROUBLE.

By E. Crayton McCants.

With Illustrations by C. D. Williams.

IT was four o'clock in the warm July afternoon, but the fierce midday heat was past, and the long, cool shadows of the wayside trees crept eastward across the red dust of the highway, and barred the narrow footpath which ran beside. On the distant horizon vast piles of cumulus clouds —"thunder-heads," the natives call them —mounted into the illimitable blue, and reflected the sun-glare from fronts of snowy whiteness. Down in the brookside pastures red and dun and brindled cattle, leaving the shallow willow-fringed pools where they had been standing, came forth lazily to wander in the meadows and to graze.

To the right of the road, hedging with a darker hue the pale, silvery green of the tall young "broom sedge" that filled the worn-out, abandoned fields, were broad belts of "second growth" pineland, which covered as with a mantle the gullied slopes of the denuded hills, and merged at last into the oaks and hickories of the native forest. To the left, the ragweed grew thick and rank in last month's wheat-stubble, the cotton opened its starred leaves to the sun, and the long blades of the tasselling corn answered with faint half-musical rustling to the lightest touch of the gentle breeze. Just beyond a sharp bend in the highway, where a gray gleam of poplar leaves shone against the dead green foliage of the oaks, a little one-roomed cabin stood. On the bench in front of its door sat an old gray-headed negro bending white-oak "splits," and weaving them into rude, heavy baskets. Sometimes he stopped a moment to listen to the woman who was singing within—a woman old like himself, with a voice full of quaverings—yet his face softened at the tones of it, for to him it was the sweetest music in all the wide, beautiful world.

Across the road in the cornfield, hidden from sight by the thick growth of lush young stalks, another man lay stretched on the ground. He was very tired, for he had travelled all day, and he was hungry. He was young, almost a boy, but his black face wore a hunted look, and his eyes were sunken and hollow. As he lay there he listened, fearfully, but he heard only the rus-

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tle of the corn leaves and the voice of the woman singing.

In a little while he grew bolder and began to creep on hands and knees toward the fence that bordered the road. When he reached it his fear came upon him again, for his risk was great, and he lay quiet for a long time. Finally he raised his head cautiously, and looking between the rails saw the cabin and the man in front.

"Unk' Ab'am!" he called almost in a whisper.

The old man did not hear, but took up another "split" and trimmed the end carefully with his knife. The woman sang on:

"'Way over in de Gal-*i*-lee,
I'll be da-a-r, I'll be d-a-ar-r;
When de ginrul roll is called
I'll be dar."

Still singing, she came to the door and took a wooden "piggin" from a shelf above the old man's head. The fugitive dropped back softly behind the sheltering fence.

"I'm agwine ter de spring, Ab'm, fer some fresh water," she said, as she stepped out and turned into a narrow zigzagging path.

The man behind the fence lay still until he heard her voice among the willows at the foot of the hill; then he looked out again.

"Unk' Ab'am!" he called, this time louder than before.

"Who dat call me?" queried the basket-maker, stopping his work and throwing up his head.

"Here I is, Unk' Ab'am," came the answer. "It's Sam, Sally Ann's Sam."

The old man arose and started down to the fence. His step, tremulous at all times, was now more tremulous still, and his face had the ashen gray cast which answers for pallor in the negro. Sally Ann's Sam! For four days men had been riding up and down searching for Sally Ann's Sam. Somewhere over the river a white woman was lying cold in her grave, and people said that Sally Ann's Sam had sent her there.

Perhaps he was not guilty, but mere suspicion is a death-warrant in a case like this. When their women are touched white men slay first and reason afterwards. And now Sally Ann's Sam, with grim death dogging at his heels, had come here to be helped!

It was a hard condition that the old man had to face. Sally Ann was his only sister, and Sally Ann's Sam was his sister's son. And yet if he helped him and the white men found it out! The old man shuddered at the thought. But he was no coward albeit he was old and tremulous, so he went on to the fence and spoke to the boy. Then he returned to the cabin and brought money and a package of food.

"Keep ter de creek, Sam," he said at parting. "Wade in it. They cain't track you there."

The gaunt form clad in soiled brier-rent clothing turned back into the corn, and the old man stood watching the road.

"Think I hear brudder Ab'am say,
I'll be dar; I'll be dar.
Think I hear brudder Ab'am s-a-a-a-y,
I'll be d-a-a-a-r-r;
When de ginrul roll is called
I'll be dar,"

sang the woman, climbing the hill from the spring. A mocking-bird in the tree by the cabin door caught the music in her tones and mimicked it, a cardinal flashed his gaudy coloring in the bush-covered "fence row," and a crow called harshly from the neighboring pines.

The graybeard bowed his head in thought. Something in the still summer air or the boy's coming, perhaps, had carried him back years and years, to summers long ago, when he and Sally Ann were children in their mother's cabin—their good old mother, long since gone to rest in her narrow bed beneath the whispering pines on yonder hillside. And when he thought of this it seemed to him that he must do more for Sally Ann's son. He could not be guilty. No child of Sally Ann's could ever do a horrible thing like that. A sudden resolution seized him, and climbing the fence he ran with tottering steps following Sam.

Down by the edge of the creek, where the drooping willows grow and the shallow water drifts lazily between broad, white strips of sand, he overtook the boy.

"Sam!" he called breathlessly. "Sam! Quick, Sam! Change clo'es wid me!"

Half wondering, half comprehending, the hunted man obeyed, taking off his shoes and stripping himself of every garment. When the exchange was completed, the old man pushed him into the water.

"Go on!" he said hoarsely. "Wade! —for miles!" "God bless you, Sam," he

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added presently; but the other had already vanished around the willow-fringed bend of the stream.

Seeing that the boy was gone, he stood still and listened. Away off to the east he thought he could hear them coming—the white men and the dogs. A great fear came over him. He was old—old and worn out—but life was sweet to him still.

"Time!" he prayed to himself. "Oh, my God, time! Jes' a *little* time."

Then he ran, clumsily, because of his ill-fitting shoes, and came to the edge of the hillside corn. To his left lay the path to his cabin, but yonder, straight ahead on a distant hilltop, rose the white-columned porch of an old-fashioned dwelling. If he could only reach that. He must reach it, he thought, and with trembling haste he urged his footsteps onward.

A mile away, where a little stream runs diagonally across the road, a crowd of some fifty men had halted, and now were scattered out, searching closely every foot of the marshy banks. A huge mouse-colored hound tugged restlessly at his tether, and filled the air with his deep-mouthed, impatient baying. Presently one of the men stopped, pointed at a footprint in the sand, and called to the man with the hound.

"Lay him on here," he said. "The nigger crossed here. I can see his track."

The dog thrust his nose to the dented earth, and suddenly changed the note of his baying. The searchers ran for their horses, and the chase swept away, led by the hound, which, straining at his leash, took a hillside path, entered a newly-made clearing, and wound about among piles of fallen timber. Thence they passed into the leafy depths of the woodland, and so on through the cornfield, until they came to the fence in front of the cabin. There the trail angled sharply and stretched back down toward the "creek bottom" which lay beyond the farther fence.

"That's odd," ejaculated one of the men. "What'd he do that for, ye reck'n?"

"Come to the cabin to eat," answered another. "Makin' fer the creek now, whar he cain't be tracked. We'll have to divide an' go up an' down till we come to the place whar he left it."

But when they came to the creek the trail did not end, as the man had predicted it would. The dog stopped, it is true, and for a while seemed strangely undecided, but soon started back up the hill with a heavier strain on the tethering line and a keener note in his tones. The men looked puzzled.

"That ain't right," they said. "'Tain't natural. What'd he leave the creek for?"

But the owner of the hound resented the criticism.

"You foller that dog!" he said. "Thar's a nigger at the end of that trail."

The dog looked into his master's face as if understanding his words. Then again his long-drawn, reverberating voice rose bell-like above the tops of the distant hills, and echoed back from the green forest walls that crowned them.

Like the knell of doom it came to the old man toiling painfully across the furrowed fields, and for a moment he stopped, panic-stricken, ready to give up and to die. Then he turned his eyes again to his City of Refuge, the old white house with its windows gleaming blood-red against the setting sun, and its gray roof crowned with an aureole of golden light. The sight gave him hope. He was almost there—almost, so he stumbled wearily on.

Then a shot rang out, telling him that they had seen him. His feet struck the stretch of hard road leading up to the gate of the house. A babel of voices rose on the evening air, and the baying of the dog sounded like a frenzied wailing. He ran a few steps further, a clatter of hoofbeats resounded in his ears, a horse swept round him, and the dark muzzle of a shotgun peered grimly in his face.

"Halt!" came the command, short, sharp, and in deadly earnest.

The old man looked but once at the house. The red light was fading from its windows, and the gold on the roof was gone. Then he turned his eyes far off across the hills toward the spot where his own little cabin stood.

"Good-by, Hannah," he murmured softly, as he kneeled down in the dust of the road.

He did not hear them when they gathered around him, nor when, discovering their error, they cursed him for cheating them of their victim. What did that matter now? He must die—he knew that—and he was face to face with his God.

They tied his hands with a bridle-rein, and one man brought a rope. "He won't help another of that stripe soon!" said the leader grimly, as he fashioned a hangman's noose.

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"'YO' DO NOT UNDERSTAND, I SEE. . . . ABRAM WAS MY BODY-SERVANT—IN VIRGINIA—IN WAR TIME.'"

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Some one noticed that the door of the house had opened, and that another man was approaching slowly, deliberately.

"Evenin', gentlemen," he said courteously. "That's Abram, gentlemen. I'll ansah fo' Abram. Yo' can turn 'im loose."

The men looked at each other in amazement, and one burst into a loud guffaw. The newcomer stroked his grizzled mustache, and a shade of annoyance came into his eyes.

"Yo' do not understand, I see," he said, still courteously. "Allow me to explain. Abram was my body-servant—in Virginia—in war time. It was at the Wilderness fight. I was wounded. It was night, but it was not dark, for the woods were on fire, and all around me living men were burning to death. Relief parties could not find *me*, for I was alone and too weak to cry out aloud. The fire crept closer and closer. I am not a nervous man, gentlemen, but I prayed God that I might die before it should reach me. Closer and closer the awful light came, until I could feel the sting of the drifting sparks and the hot smoke scorching my forehead. Then Abram came. The Federal lines were just beyond, with freedom for such as he, but he never gave that a thought.

"'Don' you die, Mas' Tom,' he said. 'I'se gwine ter git you out o' dis an' kyar yer home ter yer maw.'

"He did that, gentlemen. He carried me home, most of the way in his own arms, to my mother. I'll ansah for Abram, gentlemen. Yo' can turn 'im loose now."

The men had gathered around the speaker, leaving the negro kneeling in the road.

"Le's turn the nigger loose," said a gray-bearded man with a scar on his forehead. He knew this soft-speaking, straight old man—had followed him more than once when, in the old days, the bullets were singing their wild refrain. Now the feeling of comradeship came strong upon him. "Le's turn the nigger loose," he repeated. "The colonel answers fer him."

The others hesitated. They, too, knew the man before them, but the lust for vengeance was strong.

"Colonel, we don't want to hurt you—" began the leader cautiously, as he stepped toward the negro.

The colonel's hand slipped to his hip, and a cold, gray glitter leaped in his eyes.

"I have no such scruples myse'f," he answered quietly.

The other stopped abruptly, and half turning, caught quickly at his own weapon, but the gray-bearded man stayed his hand.

"Ef it's come ter this," he remarked, "I'm agin you."

One by one their companions slipped away, for there was likely to be trouble here for which they had never bargained. The leader and the colonel faced each other, and the gray-bearded man stepped a little aside. The negro came and stood by his master. Suddenly a light shone out from the windows of the house, and a supper-bell clanged insistently.

The colonel extended his hand.

"Will yo' have refreshment, sir, befo' ridin'?" he inquired.

"No, thank you," answered the other, turning away to his horse.

"'TIME! . . . JES' A *LITTLE* TIME.'"

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SPARROW FOLKS.

By Bertha E. Stevens.

THE sparrow loves a rainy pool,
He spreads his tiny wings
And hops in, to his breast, to cool
The little song he sings.

Back to the gravel-edge he leaps,
Then dares to plunge again;
To him it is a Deep of Deeps,
An Ocean of a rain!

He hies next to the maple tree,
All gleamy to his dear,
And bids her come that she may see
How brave he is with Fear.

Her black eyes snap as she doth dart
Exulting in his rule—
'Tis the Napoleon of her heart
That fords the winking pool!

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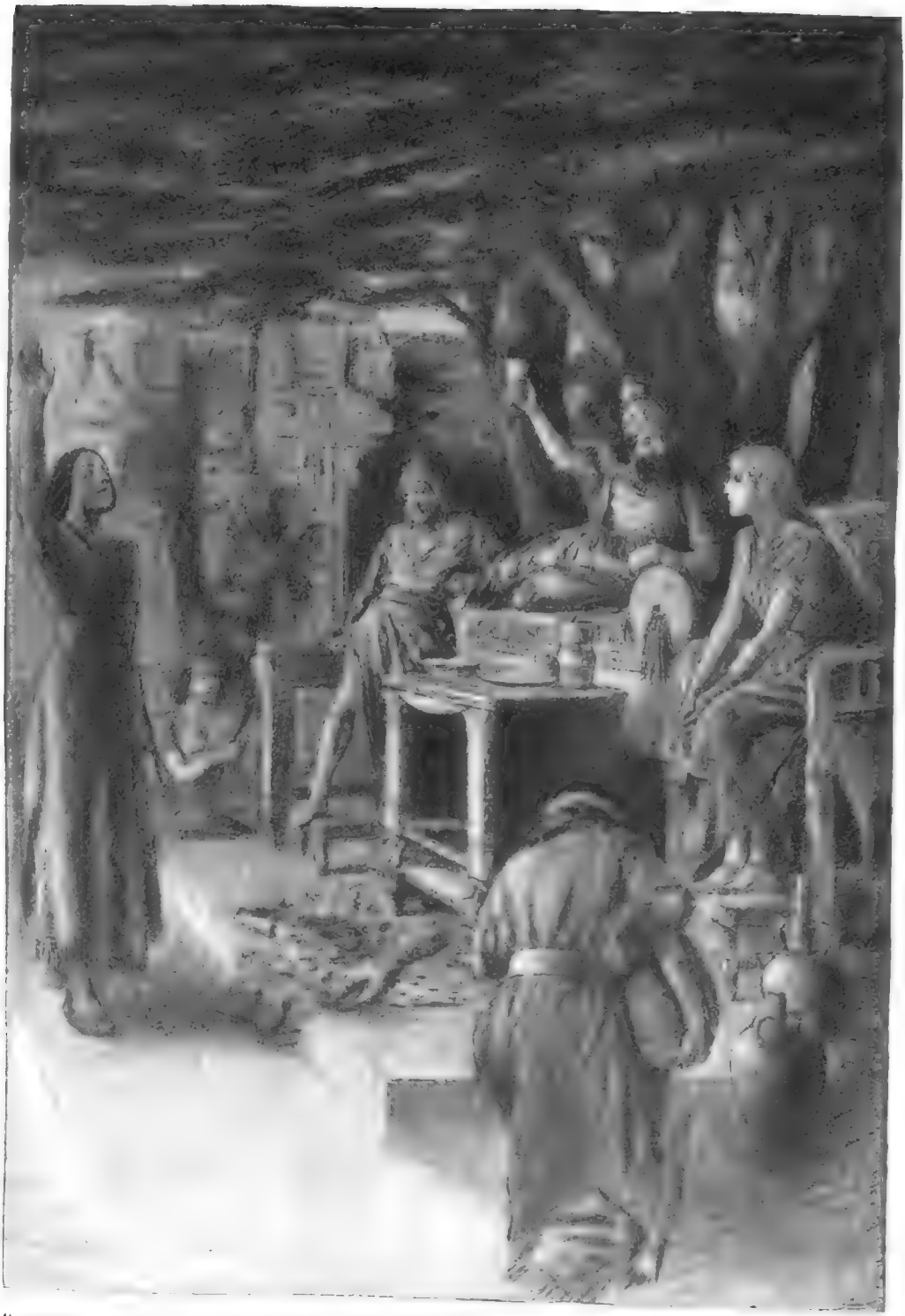

"THE POET SANG A MARVELOUS SONG, FULL OF ALL THE FLOWERY FLATTERIES OF THE EAST, PRAISING THE PRINCESS."

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BELSHAZZAR.

A TALE OF THE FALL OF BABYLON.

By William Stearns Davis.

Illustrated by Lee Woodward Zeigler.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GLORY OF THE CHALDEES.

NIGHTFALL—the light of a thousand flambeaux shivered over the great winged bulls guarding the palace gateways. The bulls formed the bases of towers faced with brightly enamelled brick, and crowned with masts whence trailed the royal banners. In and out streamed the palace servants—eunuchs of the harem, cooks, grooms, chamberlains, guardsmen; sometimes a chariot thundered through at a gallop, bearing a nobleman to Belshazzar's banquet. As one peered inward from the gate, he could see the whole broad court of the king's house lit bright as day by cressets and bonfires. The pictured tiles on the inner walls displayed their lion hunts, battles, processions, and sieges, so that he who regarded them closely could learn all the history of Babylon for a hundred years by a mere circuit of the court. But Khatin, the royal executioner, and two cronies, who sat drinking wine between the feet of a winged bull, had little heed to give to departed glories. Khatin was a stout, muscular man, with thick, black hair and beard shining with strong pomade and butter. His speech was gruff as the bay of a hound; and the two eunuchs, Nabua and Khanni, who divided with him the tankard of Armenian white wine, regarded him with awe, as being the person who might be the last to converse with them, in case His Majesty found them disagreeable.

"I tell you," declared the headsman, dipping his cup for the fifth time, "that Persian Darius is a pretty fellow. I dearly love a man of his spirit. You heard the story? The worthy Igas came near to scraping my close acquaintance. By Marduk, why was the envoy so tender-hearted as not to ask for his head! A very pretty neck—by Samas, an exceeding pretty neck! I wish I were in Susa, as Cyrus's executioner, just for the hope of testing it; there is small chance of Belshazzar needing me to attend to an envoy."

"They say," answered Nabua, "Cyrus has little use for his headsman. The Persians all love him; they keep the laws, and there are no executions for days together."

"Then, by Allat, queen of Hades," cried Khatin in disgust, "Cyrus is no king! Hark you! Some day I will plot treason and wear the royal cap myself. Then how many ministers will I have? Just one—an honest headsman. A king and an executioner—the one to begin, the other to finish—these are governors enough for the wide world."

But as Khatin was running on with more wisdom, scarlet-robed torch-bearers began pouring through the gate, with the cry, "The knee! the knee! The king, the daughter of Cyrus, and the Persian envoy!"

The executioner and the eunuchs fell on their knees, to make obeisance. A vast host of guardsmen, priests, and pages came first; and Khatin asked Khanni, "They go to the Hanging Gardens?"

"Yes; the bethrothal feast for Atossa will be held there."

"See! His Majesty and the Persians."

The royal party advanced, hidden by a moving hedge of steel-clad guardsmen and the glare of fifty flambeaux. Belshazzar was in his state, the jewelled embroideries on his robes worth the plunder of six cities. At his side in the chariot stood Darius, no longer in native dress, but in the splendid Median blue kaftan. Men whispered that the Persian looked none too merry, though he seemed to be laughing at some jest from the king. Directly behind the car came a litter—all gold and ivory relief work—borne by eight of the Chaldee nobles, wherein rode Atossa and Mermaza, chief eunuch. When the torchlight flashed on her fair hair and the rose and white of her face, there was a loud shout of admiration from

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"ISAIAH PLUCKED HIM ROUGHLY BY THE ROBE. 'MAKE YOUR FEET WINGS, OR I WILL AID YOU!'"

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great and small: "A goddess! Istar come to earth! The 'Great Lady' is amongst us!"

Whereupon Atossa leaned from the litter, crying in her sweet, foreign Chaldee: "The Most High bless you, good people, for your praise!" At which there were more cheerings. But Atossa had sunk back on the muslin pillows, and closed her eyes to the torch glare.

They passed down the inclined plane leading from the palace terrace; all about, outside of the red circle of the flambeaux, stretched the dim masses of the foliage of the "paradise"—the wide park around the king's house. Then the company came again to a rising way, and a word from Mermaza shook Atossa from her revery.

"Look!" Atossa saw before her, in the faint gloaming, the columned halls of a far-reaching temple, as it were—massive pillars, curiously carved and banded, which stretched away down long colonnades, yoked together by heavy vaulting and arches. Marvel enough this would have been, even in Babylon, city of marvels, for these galleries covered a prodigious area; but they were only the beginning of the wonder. Above them, springing from their roof, was a second system of like columns, and arched above this, a third; and upon this, so high that the eye grew weary of staring upward, rare Indian palms and stately cedars of Lebanon were spread against a sky dyed red by a hundred great bonfires.

"Do we mount to heaven?" cried the princess.

And Mermaza answered, smiling, "Ah, my lady, I think the 'Mansion of Ea' will be scarce fairer than the Hanging Gardens."

The king had left his chariot, to ascend on foot; but the litter went straight up an easy stairway—higher, higher, till it seemed the climbing would never end. Mermaza told how luxurious chambers were hid in the masses of the lower colonnades; and how a hydraulic engine was pumping unceasingly, raising water from the Euphrates. Then, when at last the crest was reached, suddenly the stars were blotted out by the flaring of innumerable fresh cressets, till the avenues of trees and the almost virgin laurel bowers and fern brakes glowed as if touched by the dawning.

Under the leafy canopies here and there were spread many small tables; behind each, silent, statue-like, dark eunuchs in gaudy liveries were waiting. The king was already standing in the centre of this open banqueting hall when they set down Atossa's litter beside him.

"Behold," spoke Belshazzar; "look on these gardens, the like of which is nowhere else in the world. They are given to you. This shall be your feast. These eunuchs are your slaves. We shall all eat of your bounty."

"The king is kind," said the Persian meekly. "What have I done that he vouchsafes such favor?"

Belshazzar laughed before them all.

"Done? Who demands of Istar anything save the brightness from her eyes, and honey from her lips!"

"True," cried fifty at once; "there is no lady like Atossa—like Atossa, daughter of Cyrus."

Then Mermaza ceremoniously handed his mistress to the high seat beside the two couches prepared for the king and Darius.

Now, in the feast that followed, Belshazzar bore himself as if all the world's joy were summed up in that one night; he drank, laughed, and went to no small lengths to make Darius as merry as himself. But though the prince paid laughter for laughter, and played his part in the game of repartee, he never forgot that close by sat one for whose sake he would have braved the might of Belshazzar and all the host of the Chaldees. And Atossa laughed with her lips, but could not with her eyes. The Persians dared not glance at one another. How much better if Darius had never come on the embassy! It would now take so long to forget.

During the feast the court poet came before Atossa, with a great orchestra of harpers and dulcimer players. The poet sang a marvellous song, full of all the flowery flatteries of the East, praising the princess:

"O light of heaven who hast come down to dwell among men,
Thou art exalted in strength!
Mighty art thou as a hyena hunting the young lamb!
Mighty art thou as a restless lion!
Thou art Istar, maiden of the sky!
Thou art Istar, consort of the very Sun!"

So the stately poem ran, and Atossa gave its author her thanks and a bracelet unclasped from her own white wrist. But Mermaza, who served her, noticed that she ate little of all the venison and fresh-caught barbel; of the pomegranates and grapes.

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And he shrewdly observed that Darius did scarcely better. At last the viands were borne away. Belshazzar turned to Mermaza, "Let them bring the drinking bowls," commanded he, "those from the sack of Nineveh, the spoils from the victory over Pharaoh Necho, and from the temple at Jerusalem."

But Atossa touched the king's hand. "May my lord's handmaid speak?"

"Yes," swore he, "though you ask the head of the chief prince of Babylon."

"Then do not bring the vessels sacred to the Jewish Jehovah. For though under different names, Persians and Jews alike worship one God."

Avil-Marduk, close by, was frowning; but Belshazzar answered graciously, "Is this not your own feast? Let Jehovah's vessels lie in their coffers."

So the eunuchs set on the tables huge bowls of chased silver, and into these emptied many wine jars. A sweet odor was wafted by the night breeze from the perfumed paste dissolving in the liquor. Soon the cups began to go about, and the Babylonian nobles roared their pledges—to Belshazzar; to his betrothed; to Cyrus, their new ally; above all, to Bel-Marduk, guardian of Babylon, "god of gods, and lord of lords, through whose might their city had waxed great for a thousand years." Belshazzar drank deeply, Darius only touched his goblet, Atossa did not touch it at all.

"Ha, son of Hystaspes!" cried the king, his spirits rising with the wine that was flushing his temples. "You Persians have a custom to take counsel when drunken. Strong wine is a gift from your god, yet they wait to fill your second goblet."

Darius drained his cup, and handed it to the eunuch behind him.

"True, your Majesty; but the spirit of the wine is not to be invoked lightly. On what take counsel? War? We sealed the treaty of peace to-day."

"Yet wine is a gift from Nabu, lord of the wise. Woe to the despiser! Come, evening wanes; they call the third hour of the night from Bel's ziggurat. One thing is left."

Belshazzar rose from his couch. There was a great crash of music. The drinkers were silent instantly. The king stepped beside Atossa.

"Look, lords of the Chaldees!" rang his voice. "This hour I proclaim Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus, my affianced wife. One year from this hour shall be my bridal feast. Behold the sovereign lady of the land of Akkad!"

He lifted the blue and white mitre from his head and placed it on the Persian's golden hair. A great shout reëchoed, making the dying torches shimmer.

"The queen! The queen! Hail, all hail, Atossa!"

Darius rose also. No Babylonian knew what the words cost him. He raised his goblet:

"To Belshazzar, son of Cyrus. May Ahura grant him and his house prosperity for ten thousand years!"

Another shout. Avil-Marduk, leading the rest, leaped to his feet, crying:

"To the favor of Sin, of Samas, of Marduk upon the house of Cyrus, and upon the noble Prince Darius!"

The pledge was drunk amid furious cheering and the clatter of wine-cups; and the king, shouted, last of all:

"To the peace betwixt Persia and Babylon, may it be firm forever!"

More applause. Mermaza was bowing before Atossa:

"Dread lady, the feast is at an end. All the women will return now to the palace; but, after our custom, the king's nobles will sit over their wine as long as they desire."

So they took her away in the litter, after Darius had knelt and kissed the hem of her dress. It was a most formal parting. Darius found himself beside the king, but ceremony was at an end. Noblemen were wandering from table to table, bawling to the yawning eunuchs for more wine. Avil-Marduk came to the king and entered into a familiar conversation on some matter of repairing the temple at Uruk. Seeing that nothing more was expected of him, Darius craved the royal permission, readily granted, to wander about the gardens. Only a few steps carried him under the shadow of the woods. The king had impressed him more favorably that night than ever before; he had shown himself affable and generous. Doubtless his flaring passion for the Jewish Ruth had long since passed; but what if his desires and impulses always mastered him thus easily? Darius wandered onward, looking within, not without, until he was roused by stumbling against a brick parapet that marked the

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outer wall of the gardens. He sank upon the trunk of a fallen tree—for this strange forest had been suffered to grow nigh wild since its creation. The noise of the drinkers seemed to come to him from a great way off. Despite the fact that he had touched little wine, he felt his head becoming heavy. Bred as he was to the life of a Persian cavalryman, able to pillow upon the hardest steppe, the prince was close to falling asleep and slumbering soundly. He was drifting into semi-consciousness; the shouts, the torchlights, were alike fading away. A moment more and he might have slept till daybreak, if not searched for, when a sound of crackling underbrush startled him.

"A deer!" his first thought—the hunter's instinct foremost, and his hand felt mechanically for an absent sword. In an instant he recognized human voices—three forms approaching through the darkness. "Drinkers," he argued; "they leave the rest to enjoy a bowl in secret." And he arose noiselessly, as one of his training could, not desiring to interrupt such a party. Suddenly a familiar voice sounded—Belshazzar's.

"Darius? Where is he?"

And the voice of Mermaza replied, "Almost I can swear he was in the party that went down to the chariots for the palace."

"More likely asleep under the tables," came from a third, clearly Avil-Marduk.

"Not there," commented the eunuch; "he was barely civil in his drinking."

"No matter if he is not here," answered Belshazzar. "Faugh! How much longer must I juggle with this marvellous envoy? By Nergal! his only sane talk is of hunting. I grant that he is a fair archer."

"Not comparable with my lord," flattered Mermaza.

"Most headlong and unprincely," added Avil. "Could the king but have seen him this morning rush into strife as a dog after a carcass."

"Hist!" cautioned the king; "what stirs in the thicket?"

Mermaza peered into the dark. As Darius stood he could have touched the eunuch; but he remained motionless, and Avil-Marduk reassured: "Only a harmless snake. We are more alone here than in the palace, where every wall has ears."

Belshazzar groped his way to the log Darius had just quitted and seated himself. The others dutifully remained standing.

"By Samas!" began the king, as if rejoiced to feel himself free to speak, "we have thus far played the game out well. Marduk grant the sky may remain calm! What do they say in the city concerning Nabonidus my father?"

Avil laughed softly. "Let the king's heart be enlarged. My underlings tell me the people say, 'Though the public records still run in the good Nabonidus's name, he is grievously stricken by the "madness-demon"; and praised be Istar who sends the noble Belshazzar to replace him!'"

"If the tale spreads that Nabonidus is in sound health, shut up in Tema, what then?"

"Many things, my lord—revolt, mutiny in the army—but nothing shall leak. In a year you will be firmly set on the throne, and can mock at all rumors. Only I fear two men."

"The two you have spoken of?" asked the king.

"Yes, Imbi-Ilu, chief priest of Nabu, at Borsippa, who is my bitter foe and rival, and whose influence over the people is very great——"

"And Daniel the Jew?" interposed Belshazzar.

"My lord has said. Men think him old, honest, and unsuspecting; faithful in his office, never meddling outside. They are wrong. He grows rich, like all his cursed race. He is a close friend of Imbi-Ilu, having in his youth saved the priest that time Nebuchadnezzar ordered all the 'wise men' of Babylon to be put to death for stickling over the interpretation of a dream. He is popular in the city. I more than fear he knows too much of the plot that keeps your father captive in Tema. If he should reveal——"

"By Istar! we will put him beyond betraying," swore Belshazzar. "I have double grudge against him. His daughter—have you set watch for her, Mermaza?"

"Yes, my king; but he keeps her so close that my eunuchs cannot take her from the house without an outcry that might blow into the Persian's ears."

Avil coughed, it seemed derisively, and spoke in a tone wondrously disrespectful to a crowned monarch:

"Lord, we have many things to think of before wasting time or sleep on a slip of a girl. When the father is snug in the palace prison, we can give thought to the child. Do nothing as yet, Mermaza. Of all things, do not offend the envoy."

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"Now, by Allat's fiends!" cursed Belshazzar, "must it be the Persian, always the Persian? I grow weary dissembling; yet I do it well?"

"Excellently well," soothed Avil, who felt he might be stepping too far. "But consider—touch Daniel before there is proper occasion, or outrage the envoy, and abroad we have war with Cyrus, and at home all Babylon buzzing about the palace in revolt. Gently, my king, gently! Remember that your government is not two months old."

"Daniel the Jew!" repeated Belshazzar; "the Jew! I do not know why I hate that race so utterly. They are a stiff-necked people, sticking to their Jehovah-worship like flies at the mouth of a wine jar. And the Persians are like them. Oh, that they all had one neck, that Khatin might cut it!"

"Let the king's liver be at peace," began Mermaza, comforting, but he took a step backward. Darius, behind a shrub, had been unable to stir hand or foot from the beginning of the conversation, for the least sound would have betrayed. His cheeks had flushed hot when he heard his own name spoken; he had swelled with utter wrath when he knew that the pledge touching Ruth had been given only to be conveniently broken. Mermaza's arm swung at a careless gesture and brushed the Persian's face. A shout, and Avil and Belshazzar had leaped upon the eavesdropper before he could escape in the dark.

"Conspirators! Assassins!" Avil-Marduk was howling. "Help, guards! The king is beset!"

But the royal wine had laid half the attendants low with unseen arrows, and the wits of the rest moved very slowly. There were answering cries from the distance, torches waved, commands thundered; but it was nothing easy to find one's way in the wood. Avil had gripped the Persian round the throat, so that for an instant he gave not one gurgle; but when Darius once put forth his strength, the three found they had bayed a lion indeed. With his left fist he smote over Mermaza, so that the eunuch went down with a groan. The chief priest nipped fast, but the Persian tore away his fingers, plucked him round the girdle, and flung him sprawling. The king remained. Darius's first impulse was to cry aloud, but thoughts raced fast at that moment. To betray his identity might mean ruin for kingdoms. For an instant prince and monarch grappled. Belshazzar's fingers closed like talons of steel, but Darius had not been vainly trained to wrestle. Twice he lifted Belshazzar, and the king clung to the ground; the third time, just as Avil-Marduk was staggering to his feet, Belshazzar's foothold spun from beneath him, and he fell heavily upon the greensward. There were shouts now, torches coming nearer.

Darius could see them flashing on bright steel.

"Murderers!" bawled Avil. "The king is slain!"

Darius took a great bound into the thicket, a second, a third; then ran swiftly as a cat, and as silently, onward in the dark. His long Median cloak caught on a thorn-bush and was whisked from his shoulders before he realized it. To recover it in the gloom and danger was impossible. "Ahura grant," ran his prayer, "none may find it and recognize!" Many of the drinkers had staggered from their wine and were wandering about shouting, "Murder! Save the king!" but their pursuit was aimless. Yet he saw men staring at him as he ran back toward the banqueting area. Who was this at the king's feast without a courtly garment? None recognized him as yet, but he knew that his condition, if he remained, must excite speedy comment. He was a stranger to the place, and wandered vainly about, seeking the exit, and only running on new groups of frightened eunuchs and tipsy guardsmen. His position was becoming serious, when of a sudden he was startled by a hand plucking at his elbow.

As he started, a familiar voice sounded in his ear:

"My lord, do you not know me? Your servant, Isaiah the Jew. My lord is in trouble. What may I do for you?"

The prince wasted no words. "In Ahura's name, lead me down from these gardens and away from all these people before I am recognized."

"Willingly," came the answer. "I know this place as well by starlight as at noonday. We are near the private staircase by the northern wall of the gardens." And Isaiah led a way into a winding path between dark shrubbery. In a moment they were at the head of a long, narrow stairway that wound downward and was lost in the gloom below. There were two spearmen on guard at the upper landing, but both had long since invoked the wine-god over-piously, and were

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stretched prone and helpless. Isaiah gave them only a sniff of contempt. He plucked a flickering flambeaux from the wall and guided the Persian downwards. None met them. Darius told himself that if the King of Babylon and his lords often feasted thus, not ten sword-hands would be found sober if an enemy attacked the palace on such a night. On the solid earth they found no chariots waiting to bear the royal guests to the palace. And Isaiah remarked, with a shrug of the shoulders:

"None expect them, my lord. Good Babylonians drink all night."

"All the better. Guide me back to the palace in secret."

So the two walked back together, and a man need not be wise to imagine what the Persian told the Jew, and the Jew told the Persian.

At the great gate of the palace they met more drunken guards, and Isaiah conducted Darius to his own chambers, where at last they found the Persians of the Prince's suite moderately sober.

"Let us pray the one God, my friend," were Darius's words at parting, "the one God we both fear, for strength and wisdom beyond that of man. A great work lies before us, and by His help we will bring low the 'Lie' whose seat is this great Babylon!"

CHAPTER V.

THE SPELL OF THE MASKIM.

As the afternoon waned, Nur-Samas's beer-house buzzed louder and louder until a stranger might have deemed it one vast beehive. The jolly liquor and the bouncing serving-maids about Sadasu, the hostess, were twin lures that stole the stamped silver out of the pouches of the most wary. When Khatin, the executioner, went down the stairway to enjoy his afternoon tankard, he found Gudea, the lean "demon-ejector," and Binit, his wife, who acted as hired wailer at funerals, both with their noses deep in their cups, and they only lifted them when Khatin drew his stool close by theirs, and began to tell of the mysterious attack that had been made on the king's own person at the great feast.

"A fearful atrocity!" the headsman was bewailing; "and the worst of it all is that no one has yet been laid by the heels and brought to me for it. Only two heads sheared to-day—wretched eunuchs who fell out with the queen-mother Tavat-Hasina. I grow sluggish for lack of work."

"Poor Khatin!" commiserated Binit. "Yet sympathize with Gudea; for two days he has not cast out a single 'sickness-demon,' and I have only wailed at one funeral, that of the rich old goat Isnil, who died of sheer age. The city grows impious and healthy. Men give up calling in an honest wizard when sick, and trust to roots and herbs and those horrible Egyptian doctors. The gods must grow dreadfully angry. The Jews still refuse to worship Bel and Nabu, despite the forced labor, and this makes heaven yet more furious. Alas! Such evil times!"

"Hist!" admonished Khatin. "Keep a secret. I have great hopes of a chance to do the last kindnesses for that great Jew Daniel, the civil minister.",

But just as the others were clapping their hands, a call came from the door:

"Where is Gudea the exorcist?" The wizard rose, not too tipsy to answer:

"I am he. Who are you? What do you wish?"

"I am Joram, son of Saruch the rope merchant," came the reply. "My father is again torn by convulsions. Terrible demons are rending him. Hasten! Come and cast them out."

Gudea put on a professional tone at once.

"Take comfort, excellent youth; you command my best skill. Yet my time is valuable; in justice to my wife I must ask five shekels."

"Say ten, if only the demons never return."

"Will you come also, my Khatin?" said Gudea, adjusting his long robes. "You shall see my spells accomplish that of which no Egyptian dreams. And you, wife, hasten home, bring the incense pots; aromatic herbs, cloves, garlic; the wool of a young sheep; and some raw serpent's flesh. We shall need a powerful exorcism." And with that Binit went her way, while Khatin followed his friend into the yet busy street.

The young man who had summoned them bore indeed a Jewish name; but, as Gudea explained, he and his father Saruch were men of true worldly wisdom. If they still prayed to Jehovah, they had long since cast off their native bigotry; they brought offerings to the temples, and knew that in

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times of illness one must run for the wizard. As idlers recognized Gudea, and the whisper spread he was headed for Saruch's house, a great crowd followed; for there were few better sights than a skilful incantation. So with a long train of pedlars, donkey-boys, guardsmen off duty, and their kind, the exorcist came to the dwelling of the rich Jew, beside the quays. The court-yard was open, and soon thronging, but Gudea ostentatiously bade the servants to clear a space and bring forth their master. The convulsions were over for the moment. They laid Saruch, ghastly pale, and scarce conscious, on the cushions in the sunlight of the court. Gudea knelt, blew in his nostrils and ears, and rose with a long face. To the anxious wife and son he announced solemnly:

"Good people, you have done well to summon me. Nothing less than the 'Maskim,' the 'seven arch-friends' of the deep, have entered into the worthy Saruch." Whereupon all the jostling crowd began to shrink and shiver, though none cried aloud lest the demons quit Saruch and slip down their gaping mouths. But Gudea reassured them pompously. "Be not afraid, excellent friends. The demons are still in Saruch, but I have muttered an infallible spell to control them as they pass out. They will enter no other." The crowd pressed again nearer.

Binit had bustled in with divers bundles, on which all cast awesome glances. Gudea unpacked; took sundry earthen pots, filled them with spices, struck fire, and presently from them drifted a thick aromatic smoke, that blew in Saruch's face and set him coughing.

"Back, all of you. Adore the gods!" commanded the wizard. "I will now commence the never-failing exorcism of the Maskim."

There was not a whisper, while the conjurer began casting bits of wool, hair, dried flowers, and beans into the fire, each time repeating loudly:

"Even as the bean is cast in the fire,
Even as the fire consumes the bean;
So may Marduk, chieftain of the gods,
Drive the demons and their spell from Saruch!"

At first Gudea stood still; then laying off his shoes and rubbing his hands—token of purification—he commenced the sacred dance about the sufferer. In the first rounds he moved slowly, his white garments swelling and falling as he turned, while his watchful wife fed the fire with scraps of dry flesh, spices, and splinters of magic woods. Gudea recited incantation after incantation, calling on Marduk, Istar, Ea, and every other god to aid in driving the "seven fiends" out of Saruch's throat. He continued, until suddenly the sick man began to quiver and foam at the mouth.

"The convulsion again!" moaned the sufferer's wife, starting forward. "Alas! my Saruch!"

"Peace, woman," thundered Gudea; "will you break the spell? No danger, the fiends are lodged in his neck. They struggle against coming forth, but I compel them." The sufferer almost rose from his cushions; his face was black, his eyes blood-shot.

"Glory to Marduk!" howled Gudea, "the spell works. The Maskim depart. Now, wife." Binit leaped to her feet with a screech that sent all the sparrows scurrying from the eaves. Seven times she screamed, until every ear was tingling, and all the time Gudea danced faster, faster, in a narrow circle about Saruch.

"Come out of him! Come out of him! Away! away!" he yelled at each interval in the screeching. The sick man was tottering to his feet.

"Glory to Marduk!" bawled Gudea again, "the fiends are mastered. The final spell now, the infallible incantation."

And every breath was bated while he chanted, still dancing, the age-honored song of the "Maskim."

A final howl from Binit. Saruch's answer was a groan of mortal pain; he reeled; fell.

But the wife and son had rushed to the old Jew, and a fearful cry burst from the woman:

"Dead! dead!" When she lifted the head, it fell back lifeless. Almost at the same moment the crowd was thrust aside by a heavy hand, and all saw the stalwart form of Isaiah striding towards Gudea, and at the Hebrew's heels a dignified, dark-skinned man, in a spotless white robe.

"Urtasen, the great Egyptian doctor," whispered one fellow to another.

Gudea was standing panting, gazing upon the dead, the widow, and Joram. His jaw was dropped, his eye vacant. Even his own effrontery had failed him. Isaiah plucked him roughly by the robe.

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"Make your feet wings, or I will aid you," he commanded. "You have truly raised the 'Maskim' now."

The wizard recovered his tongue.

"Dead?" cried he incredulously; "he is but in a trance. He sleeps; he will awake in quiet. The demons tore him grievously in departing, but he is not dead."

Urtasen had knelt by the body, examining. Now he looked upward.

"Saruch had an incurable disease. Thoth, the wisest god, could have scarce saved him in the end. But this smoke and bellowing brought on a last convulsion. With treatment he could have lived many years. Now he will wake only at the call of Osiris."

The widow and Joram had leaped upon Gudea.

"Imposter! Juggler!" screamed the Jewess; "*you* boast to cure? Call my husband's spirit back from Sheol, if you may."

In their rage they would have wrung the wizard's neck. Isaiah interposed. "You alone are to blame, Joram—you, false Jew, who have forsaken the faith of your fathers! Jehovah justly requites you. How long have you forgotten our law forbidding dealings with wizards and necromancers? I heard the rumor of Saruch's state, and hastened hither with Urtasen to forestall this viper"—with a glance toward Gudea—"but the Most High ordained that I should come late, and you should all be dealt with after your sins."

"No more! On my father's soul no more!" Joram was moaning, while his tears came fast.

"You do well to weep," was the stern retort; "but I have said enough. Now let these servants of the very fiends depart."

Gudea had recovered his composure.

"Luckless people," began he, "it was none other than the counterspells muttered by this Isaiah which ruined my incantation and gave victory to the demons. I accuse him of black magic and murder."

But Gudea had lost all favor with the crowd. A guffaw answered him.

"Ha, scoundrel!" yelled twenty, "do not cover your mummery." And Khatin added, "Verily, friend, if any murderer needs speech with me his name is Gudea."

"Out with him!" roared all the onlookers, putting forth rough hands on Binit and her husband.

"No tumult; respect the dead!" implored Isaiah.

"And my ten shekels?" howled Gudea, struggling in the clutch of ten men.

"Let the crows weigh them out to you," groaned Joram in his agony.

"And may I not engage to wail at the funeral?" pleaded Binit, never setting safety before business.

"Screech at your own," admonished many at once.

The servants drove the rabble from the court. The portals clanged; the household was left to its grief.

At this moment a squad of police charged down the street and dispersed the bystanders. Gudea, Binit, and Khatin found themselves thrust into a side alley.

For a moment Binit's tongue flew so fast that she soon stopped for want of breath.

"Our conjuring vessels, the herbs, spices, charms, amulets—all lost. Sheerest theft! Go to the magistrate. Seize Joram, Isaiah, the widow, the——"

"Silence!" commanded her husband. "All this talk in a crowded court? Bel forefend! I could never exorcise another demon for a year. You are a fool!"

"But did I not screech beautifully?"

"Sweetly as the king's musicians, my dear one. But how shall we be avenged on this Isaiah? All Babylon will hear of this. Woe, woe!"

"Avil-Marduk," suggested she.

"Istar prosper you," replied the wizard, clapping his hands. "Lay against Isaiah the Jew a charge of murder through sorceries. He hated Saruch because he adored the gods of Babylon. The moment my spell was working, the sick man falls dead. The next instant Isaiah appears. Clearest proof! If Avil-Marduk make my cause his own, what would be mocked at from me will be true as the oracle, when it comes from the high-priest." . . .

So it befell that the wizard wended his way in the cool of the evening northward to the precinct of Bel-Marduk, guardian god of Babylon.

The temple of Bel was far more than a shrine perched on the crest of a ziggurat. Its walls, out-buildings, and priests' houses covered many "large acres." It occupied a site with the river on the west, the great "Eastern Canal" to north, and on south and east there was ready entrance through the towering gateways, guarded, like the king's palace, by stone lions and winged bulls. Here sleepy priests on watch gave

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not a glance to the exorcist as he entered. Once past, he found himself in a broad court girdled by a façade of lofty pillars glittering with silver plating and brilliant enamel, and behind the columns all the walls shone with brightly glazed bricks. Burnished bronze glistered on the doors of the many rooms, and Gudea could just see the sheen of jewels inside the "dark room," the great sanctuary at the end of the court, where was guarded the ark of Bel, of which the portal chanced to be open.

Through a noisy crowd of priests, priests' wives, children, and visitors, Gudea wormed his way to the west side of the court, till almost under the shadow of the towering ziggurat. Here he was halted by a serving man, guarding a private doorway.

"Now, by Bel himself, are you a peasant just from the country? Does Avil have evenings to squander on fish of your spawn? Shall I call the dogs?"

But Gudea knew his game. Down went his hand into a little bag. Up came a silver quarter shekel.

"Not so roughly. I am an honest citizen, as expert a wizard as you will find from Sippar to Erech. If at any time you have need of exorcising a demon—" here the silver changed hands, and the other replied, three shades more affably:

"Assuredly the chief priest's time is not for all. Still I will endeavor——"

"Tell him Gudea the exorcist desires speech as to certain plottings of one Isaiah, betrothed to the daughter of the civil minister Daniel."

The other vanished and returned speedily.

"The high priest will speak with you," he announced.

Gudea was led down many darkened hallways, until he entered a small, cool room, where a few lamps already twinkled, where the footfalls fell dead on heavy carpets, and all the walls were bright with blue and white tiles picturing the long-famed combat of Bel and the Dragon. There was very little furniture in the room—a few armless stools, a low table covered with writing tablets; at the extreme end stood a high arm-chair, whereon sat Avil-Marduk himself, for the moment idling over a cup of wine. Old Neriglissor, who had been invited to keep his superior company, sat at the right, on a chair much lower; at the left squatted a white-robed boy, watching the moment to rise and refill the cups.

Avil-Marduk vouched no sign of recognition until Gudea had come and knelt before the high seat. Then the pontiff raised his eyes.

"You say you are Gudea the exorcist?"

"Yes, noble lord," and the wizard still knelt.

"Stand up, then. State your errand. You have something against Isaiah the Jew?"

"Lord," came the reply, "he commits murder."

"Murder?" Avil raised his eyebrows. Neriglissor laid down his well-beloved wine-cup. "But why come to me? Am I the judge? Who is dead?"

"Saruch, the rich rope merchant; by birth a Jew, but a most pious servant of the gods, especially of Bel-Marduk."

"Ah, woe!" began Neriglissor; "he gave five skins to us at the last feast. Excellent wine! Cruel murder!"

"And how has this worthy servant of Bel been butchered by Isaiah?" quoth Avil sternly. "Is justice denied? Where is the magistrate? Can assassins stalk scatheless in our very streets?"

"Alas, lord! Isaiah is worse than those who slay with dagger. What armor can repel the evil eye, the secret incantation?"

"Ah!" Avil dropped his jaw. Gudea felt uneasily that the high priest was very close to a smile. "Well, how did Saruch die?"

Whereupon Gudea launched into a long and tearful narrative of his unlucky exorcism.

Avil cut him short.

"You do well to be anxious for the gods, my Gudea; but I have other reasons for wishing the end of these Jews. Not of Isaiah so much as of the civil minister."

Avil turned to the squatting cup-bearer, and at a motion towards the door the servant salaamed and vanished. The chief priest's eye suddenly fixed itself on Gudea, and seemed to go through him like a sharp sword.

"Now, fellow," and Avil's tone was piercing as his gaze, "are you a rascal of discretion? Can you lie piously? Can you lift your hands, bidding Marduk and Samas strike dead if you are perjuring? Have you the nose of a dog, the teeth of a cat, and the stealth of an adder?"

The wizard hung down his head. The priest, with a single blow, crushed a fly that lit on his palm, and snapped:

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"Understand, you are clay in my fingers. At my will I dash you out as this fly. Silence now, or your wagging tongue wags your head off also."

"Ah, lord," answered Gudea, "Bel forbid I should whisper one secret——"

Avil sprang to his feet and paced the room.

"Hark, you knave! I see through you as through Phœnician glass. You will mortgage your soul for ten shekels, say five rather. If I take oath from you it will bind while your interest holds, no longer."

"Alas, your Excellency, enemies blast my character."

Neriglissor raised a great laugh, crying:

"An exorcist of honesty! Hear, Heavens! Behold, Earth! Wonder of wonders!"

But Avil-Marduk ceased pacing.

"My dear wizard," said he in his oiliest manner, "I am infinitely delighted to have a man of your liver seek me to-night." His voice fell to a confidential pitch. "Great things are afoot. If certain events befall"—he hesitated—"Daniel will become a most undesirable man to remain in high office."

"Ah!" Gudea dropped his jaw in turn. Avil ran on:

"If Daniel were found to have conspired with Isaiah to work harm to Saruch, whom he hated for leaving Jehovah; if many witnesses were found who could swear 'thus and thus the civil minister slew Saruch with sorceries;' I say, if such testimony were brought against Daniel, it would be most ruinous to his popularity. He might even be brought to pass words with Khatin."

"To suborn witnesses is costly," hinted Gudea, rising to the bait.

"Suborn?" cried Avil. "I did not speak the word. I say, '*If* the evidence were found.'" And then, turning suddenly, his tone lost all smoothness. "I will give you three manehs this night. If one month from to-day Daniel (Isaiah matters nothing) lies in the palace dungeon, I will weigh you two talents. If not—" The exorcist was very uneasy, while Avil's eyes burned through him. "If not, if you play me false, if you fail, I will blow you out as a lamp. A nod from me to the vizier suffices."

Two talents were life riches, but the wizard's heart was thumping when he answered, "Lord, lord, I am a poor man, my skill is small. Some other——"

Avil cut him short again:

"No grunting now, pig! After telling you this, did you expect me to say, 'Go in peace. Tell the story to all Nana Street'? You shall do as bidden. When the evidence is ready, silent as a tomb you come to me, and I use you and your witnesses in my own time and way."

"And if I fail?" began Gudea.

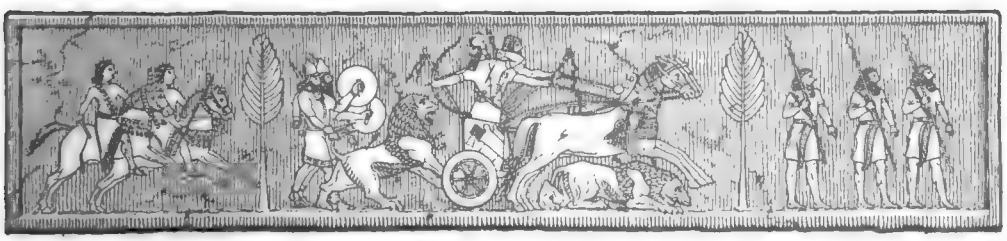
"Then, by the king's life you fail only once! No goad to a man's wits like saying, 'Do this, or visit Allat, queen of the Dead.'"

Avil-Marduk recalled his servant, and had the three manehs given to Gudea wrapped in a napkin. With many protestations and excuses the wizard took his farewell.

"You risk all on this juggler," declared Neriglissor when the fellow was gone. But the chief priest shook his head.

"I know him by rumor to be one of the cleverest rats in Babylon. He will have enough real bricks to build his tale with and make it credible. I have him utterly in my power. Should he confess all to Daniel, who would believe him against my denial? He will not fail."

(*To be continued.*)



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TRIAL JUSTICE SHAW.

By Holman F. Day.

SQUIRE JOTHAM SHAW—Jotham Bristol Shaw—
He is looked to up in Puddledock to ladle out our law.
He has been our not'ry public an' our justice of the peace,
Makes our wills an' legal papers, deed, conveyance, an' release;
Pretty often marries people; an' as soon's the village grew
He took out a new commission as a trial justice, too.
Then he straightened up tremendous! First he made us kind o' sick,
'Cause he perked himself so lofty, an' he throwed it on so thick.
We have never see'd no ermine on the back of old Jote Shaw,
Land, though! let him prance an' wallopse all he hankers to in Law.

Start-off case they brought before him was the suit of Reuel Ross,
Who alleged that Membec Achorn he had jewed him on a hoss;
An' as both of them was fighters to the end from word o' "Go,"
They engaged two city lawyers for to hoe their legal row.
An' they had to hold the trial in the I. O. G. T. hall,
'Cause they found that Jotham's office wouldn't 'commodate us all.
Whacky-plack! he rapped for order, an' he waited sternly till
All the folks were placed an' settled, an' the crowd was calm an' still.
Then says he, "Stop all your clackin' an' your hitchin', people, for
We shall now proceed to wrassle with some tough old p'ints in Law.
Now be careful 'bout disturbance, an' you bet we mean it, too,
If the Court she knows her bus'ness, an' the Court she thinks she do."

Uncle Jote is slim's an alder, with a head 'bout's big's your fist,
An' his legs are long an' slimpsey; he will set an' twist an' twist
One long leg around the other in a sort of double ply,
First in one way, then the other, jest about's you've seen a fly.
Wal, he got a chair an' set there, twistin', twistin' them old legs;
First one lawyer pounds an' hollers, pleads an' argues, threatens, begs;
Then the other gets a-goin'—rip-te-tear an' whoop-te-doo,
An' he talked himself all husky 'fore he'd said his say all through.

They was dretful smartish fellers; when the first one he got done,
Wal, we whispered to each other that we guessed his case was won.
But when t'other one had finished, swan to man, that critter he
Turned the thing completely over—kind o' left us all at sea.
An' the 'pinion passed among us that we reckoned Jotham Shaw
He was sweatin' blood a-thinkin' how he'd straighten out that Law.

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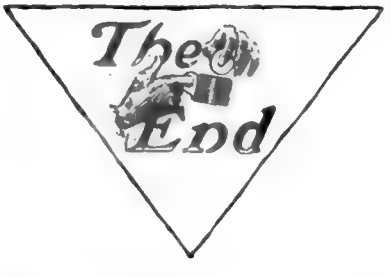
He was settin' ruther sober—never winked an' never missed
Not a single word 'twas spoken;—legs they had an extry twist,
Nothin' else to show the matter bothered him the leastest bit,
An' he rose as calm's a sassige jest as soon's the lawyers quit.
"Hev' ye said all what ye want to?" "Yes," said they. Then Uncle Jote
Reached an' took a folded paper from the pocket of his coat;
Cleared his throat, put on his glasses, rolled across his tongue his chaw,
Said he'd read 'em his decision, as he'd studied up the Law.
"I hain't good," said he, "in speakin' any piece in off-hand style,
So I've had this 'ere opinion all writ up for quite a while,
An' you'll find it's straight an' honest, Law an' Gospel clear way through,
If the Court she knows her bus'ness, an' the Court she thinks she do."

"But, your honor," yelled the lawyers, "how about our arguments?
Here we've pleaded for the plaintiff an' we've fought for the defence;
What's the good in havin' lawyers if a court decides ahead?"
"That is what I've been a-wond'rin'," Uncle Jotham calmly said.
"Blame your souls, I know 'Bec Achorn an' I know old Reuel Ross;
They are both of 'em durn piruts—'sides, I used to own the hoss.
An' there can't no city lawyers slobber me with brummagem
Nor advise me 'bout my bus'ness when I know it better'n them.
Now the both of ye keep quiet; you have had your say, an' so
I will read ye my decision as 'twas writ two weeks ago."

Then he read it calm an' solemn; slapped on Ross ten dollars fine,
'Cause he'd traded hosses Sunday. "When that hoss," said Jote, "was mine
I diskivered he was wuthless, so I traded him, an' now
As I find that Membec Achorn swapped with Ross an' got a cow,
My opinion is 'twas value that he got by false pretense;
I declare that Achorn's guilty—hain't no op'nin' for defence.
So I herewith give him sentence,"—Jote he gave his chaw a roll—
"Thutty days in county prison—God have mercy on his soul!"

'Course the lawyers yelled an' threatened. Uncle Jote, though, held the fort;
Soon's they took appeal he fined 'em. Said it meant contempt of court.
More they kicked the more he soaked 'em; then they swore they wouldn't pay,
So he summoned in a posse, an' they took the gang away—
Ross an' Achorn an' the lawyers—took 'em all right down to jail,
An' I heered 'twas clus' on midnight 'fore they 'ranged about their bail.
Now 'tis said them city lawyers they are kickin' up a fuss,
Want to bounce Jote, but, by thunder, if they do they'll hear from us!
For we're sort o' proud of Jotham, 'cause we've never see'd the Law
Ladled out so kind o' lively as it is by Uncle Shaw.
An' he's fighting 'em like fury—says he's goin' to see 'er through,
If the Court she knows her bus'ness, an' the Court she thinks she do.



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SOME SKETCHES AT OUR GOLF CLUB.

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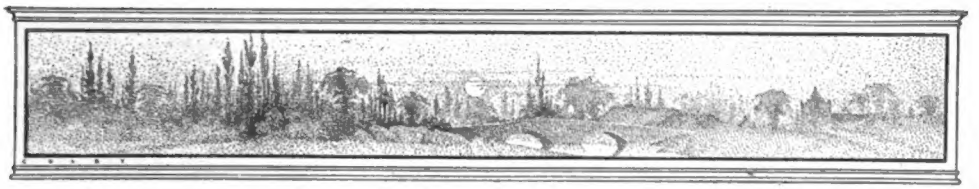

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print all the *practical* suggestions possible for women who wish to make money. The "business woman" has innumerable avenues open to her nowadays, but thousands of untrained workers, often with domestic cares, are utterly unable to find a market for what they might make were they but shown how to go about it. Many practical ideas have been received in competition for the prize offered. An announcement of a prize for the *carrying out* of the accepted suggestions will be found on page 4 of the advertisements.

Women who wish to enter the contest, but are unable to subscribe to the magazine, may compete by securing three new subscriptions.

The Editors will be glad to hear from any one contemplating a trial of the suggestions published in this department.

THE CONTEST FOR IDEAS.

FOR the past four months EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has made a special appeal to women for practical ideas by which gentlewomen may earn money, with the thought of helping by suggestion some of the great army of untrained women who are crying for aid—not pecuniary aid, but ideas which may be put to practical use. Many women have an aptitude for carrying out well-laid plans, but cannot devise plans for themselves; and many have brilliant ideas, but not the ability to make them successful. A prize of fifty dollars was offered to the woman who sent the most practical, novel, and effective suggestion for immediate self-support for untrained women before January 1st, and a second prize of fifty dollars was offered to the woman who most successfully carried out one idea in six months from the date of its appearance in the magazine; the originator of the idea by which the second prize was won receiving the first prize of fifty dollars.

Our original intention was to hold the fifty-dollar prize for the best *idea* until the suggestion was *carried out successfully* by a competitor for the second prize. (See announcement on page 4 of the advertisements.) This would mean a long delay in awarding the first prize. Therefore we will pass editorial judgment upon the best suggestions, and select from among them the one that we think will be, when well managed, best adapted to money making. The winner of the *first* prize will therefore be announced in the March number of EVERYBODY'S. No *suggestions* received after January 1st are eligible for prizes, although we shall be glad to consider for publication any practical suggestions at any time.

The February number of EVERYBODY'S will contain a list of the women whose suggestions are considered practicable, each of whom will receive the five dollars offered. One of these contestants will receive the fifty-dollar prize.

ANOTHER "MENDING" BUSINESS.

BY KATHARINE NEWBOLD BIRDSALL.

HAVE you ever wondered whether the men and women who sell shoestrings and toys and shoeblacking, dogs, laces, and flowers on the thoroughfares of our cities make their living? Many of them do this sort of work exclusively, and not only live well, but lay aside the proverbial penny for the day of rain.

One of the most interesting of these street fakirs is the man who sells cement. You have doubtless noticed him, telling yourself that surely the cement must be good if the mended plate he exhibits hanging from his little gallows can withstand the force of that heavy block of granite that strives to pull it apart.

You may have tried his special cement and found it wanting, but there *are* cements and glues that are excellent; and in fact in this lies the suggestion that on many housekeeper's shelves are broken vases, crockery, and *bric-à-brac* of all kinds, awaiting the chance to send "somewhere" to be mended, or the time and thought to do it at home. A certain peculiar green vase that has been standing in the corner of a certain china closet, together with several pieces of broken china of more or less value, occurs to me now. This vase is a family treasure, but, like human life, and without the protection of insurance, its safety has been uncertain. It was broken once and mended by a professional, for which the charge was over *three dollars*. It was well done, every crevice being neatly filled with plaster of Paris, colored exactly to match

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the ware, and then lightly varnished to match the glaze. It possibly took the mender almost a half-hour to do it! And now after thirteen years it is broken again, with no one to mend it!

Why not be the "somewhere" that housekeepers think of but seldom find; carry your tools with you, and go from house to house, as a music teacher does?

Of course at first you will have to search for work, but as soon as you have proved that your mending is "for keeps," as the children say, your fame will spread, and orders will come thick and fast.

If you live in a place where most of the housekeepers have servants, your chances for work may be greater than where the work is done by the family. However, as old black Catherine used to tell my grandmother when she was a child, "Axunts will happen in de bes' regulation famblies."

To establish a "mending" business of this sort will require very limited capital for the purchase of cement and glue, plaster of Paris or putty, paint and varnish. The charge for mending will depend upon the article to be mended, and with a little practice a close estimate of the worth of a piece of work can be made at a glance. This work would naturally lead to more in kindred lines, as the mending of furniture and the replacing from the stores of broken articles of all descriptions.

A MAID SUBSTITUTE.

WHAT woman would not wear pretty underclothes if she could? How many women are there who can wear them and do? And how many are there who take sufficient time to keep them in order?

A great many women have elaborate underwear that requires considerable attention in inserting ribbons each week when the clothes come from the laundress, and often the time is given to it very grudgingly, or it is forgotten till the time to don the garment, when the more haste put into the work makes less speed in dressing. And starched ribbons, even though they may be "wash silk," are not pleasant. An enterprising young woman could build up a business for herself by starting with a few customers among her friends who have not maids or obliging mothers to care for their clothes. Probably a half-hour's work would suffice for one person, for which service twenty-five cents would willingly be paid. The work should be arranged for by appointment once a week, and the worker, after the introductory visit, would go quietly up to the bedroom and proceed with her duty. She should ascertain, when engaged, if her employer has her likes and dislikes in color, etc., and where the materials are kept. She should also be provided with a workbag containing narrow ribbons, scissors, bodkins, and threads and needles. Of course where it is necessary to supply ribbons, the charge must increase. Then, if there is any mending which needs attention, it is possible that the owner may wish it done; and a suggestion from the worker that, if desired, she will make time to do it, may result in her engagement as mender plenipotentiary, provided she can mend well.

WHERE SELL HANDWORK?

JUDGING from the letters received relative to disposing of various fancy and household articles which should naturally sell through the different exchanges for women's work, a considerable difficulty appears to be the membership fee. There are hundreds of women supporting themselves, or contributing largely to the comfort of their families, by selling small (or large) wares through exchanges. There are many hundreds more who are vainly searching either for a market for their wares, or some guidance in the matter of their manufacture. When a woman is fortunate enough to have her initiation presented to her, or is able to pay the fee herself, her course is plain. But in a case where every single penny in the household counts, it is next to impossible to spare the two, three, four, or five dollars necessary to membership in an exchange.

It would seem that with hearty coöperation from both consignor and patrons, the "middlewomen" would find it possible to arrange some method of meeting the difficulty. We wonder what result a canvass of the United States would bring in—how many women are searching for a market for their wares and advice regarding their manufacture, and can afford to pay little or nothing for the privilege? How many women hesitate to try to sell through the exchanges? How many have tried and failed without understanding the reason?

How many readers of EVERYBODY'S are in this predicament? The editors would like to know if the initiation fee charged by the various exchanges bars many women from finding possible purchasers. And whether, if an arrangement could be made to pay the fee *after* the work was sold, it would be of any assistance to the would-be self-supporter.

Correspondence and suggestions on the subject are invited.

All communications should be addressed to Editors of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, 88 East Ninth Street, New York.

AN IDEA CARRIED OUT.

AN interesting result of a suggestion appearing in this department is the establishment in New York City of a Home-Mending Bureau.

Acting upon the advice of the author of the article, Mrs. Graham began in a very modest way, doing the work herself at first, and has steadily held her ground.

HOME-MENDING FOR BACHELORS.

MRS. MARY GRAHAM, MGR.,
455 West 23d Street,
New York,

was her first announcement; and through friends the interest of a number of men was gained—men who, living in bachelor apartments or boarding-houses, had no "women folk" to take necessary stitches for them. These men were good enough to distribute the news; but, unfortunately, the bachelor is a wary, retiring individual when it comes to personal matters, and it is rarely the case that he will take the initiative. That the plan progressed was probably due to a suggestion that "home laundry work" would appeal to the bachelor in connection with the mending. A Southern colored woman who as family laundress had proved invaluable for years was engaged for service; neat laundry bags of denim were made, and a half-dozen bachelors promised their work at the start, the bags being called for on Mondays, and the laundered, mended clothes returned on Fridays.

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The following price list was decided upon:

Home Laundering.		Home Mending.	
10c. to 15c.	Shirts	10c.	up.
2c.	Collars		
2c.	Cuffs		
3c. up	Neckties		
2c.	Handkerchiefs		
4c.	" silk		
4c. per pair	Socks	5c.	"
7c.	Undershirts	7c.	"
7c.	Drawers	8c.	"
20c.	Pyjamas	10c.	"
10c.	Nightshirts	10c.	"
25c. up	Vests	15c.	"
3c. to 5c.	Towels	5c.	"
10c.	Sheets	5c.	"
5c. up	Pillow-cases	5c.	"
15c. "	Tablecloths	5c.	"
3c. to 5c.	Napkins	5c.	"
2c.	Doylies	5c.	"

Buttons replaced	2c.	up.
Silk Neckties pressed, celaned, and repaired	15c.	"
Gloves cleaned and repaired	15c.	"
Tablecloths hemmed by hand	50c.	
Napkins hemmed by hand	$1.25 to $1.75 per doz.	
Sheets hemmed by machine	35c. per pair	
Sheets hemmed by hand	75c. to $1.00 per pair	
Trousers pressed	25c.	
Rents and tears in cloth garments neatly repaired	15c.	up.
New clothing and house linen marked with initial or full name	3c.	"

In answer to the question, "Are not women bachelors in need of help?" a women's department was established. The increase of work made it necessary that help should be employed, and a competent West Indian seamstress in need of work was found, a hall room engaged by the week, and the following announcement made:

Skirts rebound and pressed, $1.25 to $1.75.
Waists freshened and pressed, 50 cents up.
Waists turned and cleaned.
New collars put on waists; sleeves remodelled.
Colored petticoats made of silk, moreen, seersucker, and similar goods.
Shirt waists to measure.
Trained-nurse dresses.
Aprons of all descriptions, including artist's and fancy aprons.
Maids' wash dresses to measure.
Underwear kept in repair; stockings of all kinds neatly mended.
Rents and tears in cloth garments neatly repaired.
Gloves cleaned and mended.
Neckwear pressed and renovated.
Fine handkerchiefs and lace mended.
Table and house linens made and kept in repair.

The first patron of the women's department was a school teacher who wanted some "making over done." She promised patronage from her coworkers if the work proved successful; and teachers have little time to make their own clothes.

A literary and philanthropic woman hearing of the plan exclaimed, "What a splendid idea! I have been buying new underclothes steadily for three months, awaiting time to mend the large pile collected; and only this morning my husband consigned the laundryman to an uncomfortable place when he discovered that the collar bands were torn from his shirts returned from the laundry. I suppose I should attend to the mending weekly, but my time is fully occupied, and I detest handling a needle. The new business may count on both my husband and me as steady customers."

The first work that came to Mrs. Graham was the making of table and bed linen. It is her hope to develop the enterprise to such an extent that she will be able to employ a number of gentlewomen to sew, and to manage the different branches as they enlarge; there is room for almost unlimited extension in a scheme of this sort, and a place for a similar enterprise in every good-sized town.

A PROFESSIONAL PACKER.

IN a city where there is a constant change of residence, there is certainly room for a woman's hand in moving. "Moving time" is a bugbear to the housekeeper, and dreaded for weeks in advance.

If a tactful woman could be hired to arrange the details of moving, even to hiring the vans, if necessary, be on hand to do or to direct the packing of the various household belongings, and to accomplish the thousand and one little things that arise at such a time, moving would no longer be the old-fashioned bugbear. It would be possible to move very comfortably with the help of a strong, methodical, even-tempered woman who, with her ready reference book, would jot down the exact location of useful articles apt to be needed before everything was unpacked.

Professional trunk packing is not an unknown occupation, a number of women in this country making this their regular business, and working out their own methods. The professional packer is a fully developed trunk packer. Extreme neatness, tact, and dispatch, combined with a fairly good head for business, are the requisites for the professional packer. The packer's best field for work is perhaps in connection with the real-estate office. In exchange for the distribution of business cards to her customers, she could probably make a bargain by which she could be informed whenever any one was looking for a house or apartment. A personal appeal following the delivery of a packer's card would interest the mover, and after once packing and unpacking successfully for a mover, the fame of the packer will travel. No prices for such work can be suggested, as the payment must depend entirely upon the amount of work and responsibility involved.

COMPANY OR EMERGENCY MAID.

AS many housekeepers have found out, it is almost impossible to entertain when one has to depend upon one servant. Whether it is in a city apartment or a country house, the fact remains the same. A woman cannot attend to her cooking and other work in the kitchen and also wait upon the table properly.

Many of us have read stories in which one of the daughters of the house—or a visitor, perhaps—helped "save the day" by acting as waitress when the head of the house unexpectedly sent home word that he would bring to dinner a very "swell" friend. A woman who knows how to be mistress should certainly

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know how to be maid, and the value of an intelligent maid to a harassed mistress when particular guests are expected is immeasurable.

There may be many educated women who are pursuing the calling of "company maid," but, if so, they are widely scattered and unknown, and there is room for many more. There are bureaus in some of the large cities that supply deficiencies in the household if one only knows of them at the right time. But a card stating that "Sarah Truesdell will act as waitress by the hour" for the sum of fifty cents will often save a mistress many painful moments with a stranger guest. A "waiting maid" should carefully perfect herself in all the phases of the art of serving—her mode of action, however, varied at a moment's notice by the customs and surroundings of her transient employer.

The young woman who can act her part as it should be acted will find no lack of employment for lunches and dinners, and perhaps for breakfasts in emergency cases. Her duties should be plainly defined, and she should be tactful with both the mistress and cook, to insure a repetition of the order.

This suggestion can be used profitably in small and large cities, and can be enlarged in various ways to meet the needs of teas, receptions, children's parties, etc.

OBSERVATION CLASSES IN HOUSEKEEPING.

AN efficient housekeeper, while she may not justly be called an untrained woman, occasionally finds herself in a position where she needs to increase her income, and yet does not find it advisable to go out of her home to do it, neither is it practicable for her to take boarders, nor to attempt to sell her home cooking. By a good housekeeper, I mean one who knows how to do all her own work, and who enjoys doing it; one to whom housework, even general housework, is a delightful art, and who does it so beautifully that it is a pleasure to watch her, and, above all, a pleasure to live in the house with her.

There are such housekeepers, for I know them, though the theory is that they are disappearing from the face of the earth. It is in preventing this theory from becoming a lamentable reality that the good housekeeper may find her opportunity and her mission. In every village, town, and city there are women who, through ignorance, are making housekeeping a failure; there are also brides-elect who realize that they are totally ignorant of the duties that will be required of them in the homes they are planning to establish; there are other housekeepers, good in some branches, but weak in others. From these three classes the good houskeeper will receive her patrons.

The plan is simply this: Because she is a good housekeeper, she can teach as she works. She has a time for everything and a place for everything; she is therefore able to make out a schedule of her duties a week in advance, telling what she plans to do certain hours each day. She will make as many copies of this schedule as she thinks she can dispose of to persons interested. She will take these lists to her friends, first of all. To one she may say: "Mrs. Wilson, you have often told me of the trouble you have in making bread. I have given you my receipt and directions as well as I could, with little success, you tell me. Now, I am going to make bread to-morrow. I shall set it at half-past eight. I am going to let all who want to learn how to make bread come and watch the whole process. By watching exactly how I make mine, how I measure, how I test the yeast, the sifting of the flour, setting the sponge, kneading, raising, the temperature of the oven, etc., I think one can learn more than by trying a dozen receipts. I shall charge fifty cents for a lesson in bread making. You will have to come twice in the day. I would advise you to bring a note-book. One lesson will probably be sufficient for you. Here is a list of the other things I am willing to teach, with the hours when I will teach them, and the prices for each." To her other friends she will carry similar messages. When she has secured her pupils, she will make a schedule of her classes. She will probably have to change her first schedule to accommodate her scholars. She will arrange to have not more than six in a class, although the number will depend on the work and the size of her home. The courses will be all elective, and the pupils will take as many lessons as they need to make them efficient. After she has proven that she can do the teaching satisfactorily, she will have her schedule, revised as it becomes necessary, published each week in the local papers.

She will do the actual work of her own household before the eyes of her observers. In doing this she will talk as she works, explaining, and answering questions; if failures occur, she will tell exactly why she failed, and will suggest different ways of doing things, and the way to vary the measurements in cooking for larger or smaller families. She will make every step perfectly clear and will allow the pupils to test things for themselves. She will give lessons in washing, ironing, scrubbing, cleaning, sweeping, dusting, pickling, preserving, cake and pastry making; cooking soups, stews, roasts, fowls, fish, dainties for the sick; trying out fat, making washing soap, drying fruits, washing dishes; the care of bedrooms, cellar, refrigerator; making and maintaining fires, managing servants, little economies, and handy ways of doing things that will make other women's husbands and children "rise up and call her blessed." She may add, if there is a call for it, lessons in mending and in making over things; it will take the housekeeper herself to enumerate the curriculum. All the work will be practical and adaptable. She cannot teach everything at once; the weeks will bring different lessons, and the pupils will choose out of the things offered just what each needs most.

A woman with little children could not undertake this work, because of the necessary interruptions. There would be variations and interruptions in any case, and it would be impossible to follow hard and fast lines as to hours. But a capable woman will sacrifice much to accommodate her patrons, and will allow nothing to interfere with her work that can possibly be avoided.

There will be one difficulty in the starting of such a scheme. A model housekeeper may be a little modest about setting herself up as such, and will have to think out for herself the most tactful and common-sense way of doing her own advertising. Many a woman who does not care to attend herself might be glad to arrange special hours for the better training of her servants.

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